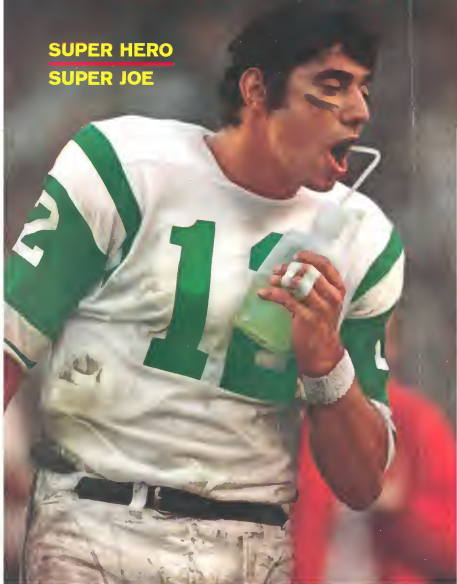


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030. James A. Linn, President; Richard D. McKinnough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as special-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage on such Continental U.S. subscriptions \$9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all others \$14 a year.

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A GIANT DILEMMA faces the Los Angeles Lakers in the feud between Wilt Chamberlain and Coach Bud van Breda Kolff. A battle report from the trenches of professional basketball.

A FAN CRISIS in pro football? It seems absurd, but in Frank Deford's fictional world of the not-too-distant future that's what happens. Happily, the commissioner finds a solution.

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BOOKTALK

Lessons learned the hard way make
easy reading for the armchair sailor

K. Adlard Coles' handsome volume, *Heavy Weather Sailing* (John de Graff, Iuckahoe, N.Y., \$12.50), is not likely to entice many newcomers to the sport of offshore sailing. By design this noted ocean cruiser and racer (whose various Coles have been frequent early finishers in transatlantic and Fastnet races) has overlooked the hours of beauty and pleasure that every sailor seeks and directed his pen exclusively to the moments of sickening storm and danger that sensible sailors seek only to avoid.

Because storms at sea are much more pleasant to read about than to live through, and because Coles writes with considerable skill about those both he and others have lived through, his book should make good reading even for landlubbers, but that was not his purpose in writing it. His purpose, like that of the conscientious test pilot dictating notes into a tape recorder as his crippled plane hurtles to certain destruction, is to document lessons learned the hard way. At the end of each chapter describing the personal experience of some storm at sea in often vivid and always subjective narrative, Coles turns schoolmaster and objectively analyzes the conclusions to be drawn from the experience. These may range all the way from weaknesses in boat design suddenly revealed under stress to the careless reading of a weather map while a cruise was being planned.

There is in addition a generous and scholarly appendix containing discourses on wave theory, the generation of storms and the houses of yacht design.

"In a wild welter of foam-capped seas the ship sailed on," Coles writes almost tenderly of one gale that he and Mrs. Coles suffered through in the North Sea in 1925. "My wife sat beside me, trying to identify the looms of the distant lights. The steering was too heavy for her, but she was cheerful and took a full share in any work to be done." Several pages later the concern of the husband sharing his tribulations and the pride of the married man in his mate give way to the finger-wagging of a stern preceptor as he chastises both of them for getting into such a fix. "Our holiday," he writes in Lesson Two, subheaded *Time*, "was drawing to an end when we were caught out, otherwise we would probably have taken shelter long before the gale started. Shortage of time and the need to get a yacht to her home port in a hurry are the most common causes of the cruising man getting caught out."

Rich reading and the sound exposition of important lessons well learned are a rare combination. K. Adlard Coles has turned the trick well in this unusual book.

—R. S. HEWLETT



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When the Flying Housewife Flew the Highest

Despite homesickness, worry over her small children and the grim awareness of her advancing age, Fanny Blankers-Koen managed to take four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics in London by DUDLEY DOUST

On July 29, 1948, the warmest day of a warm English summer, King George VI stood up in Wembley's Empire Stadium to announce, cautious of his stammer, "I proclaim open the Olympic Games of London." Some 6,000 athletes, from every major country except Russia, Germany and Japan, were waiting to compete. One of them was a Dutch mother with corn-colored hair named Mrs. Francina Elzje Blankers-Koen (pronounced Koon). A distinguished athlete in her home country, Fanny Koen was known throughout much of Europe as "The Flying Housewife," and time and again her photograph had appeared in the press: pedaling toward practice with her children plopped in the basket of her bicycle; high-jumping, with the little ones playing in the pit below her. She trained twice a week ("between washing dishes and darning socks") and became, quite rightly, a symbol of the hope and sanity beginning to emerge from the ruins of World War II.

When Fanny and her husband-coach Jan Blankers traveled to London that summer, their children were left in Amsterdam with Fanny's father, who wished her goodbye with the promise, "Win, and I will dance around the kitchen table." His daughter was entered in five Olympic events: the 100- and 200-meter dashes, the 80-meter hurdles, the 400-meter relay and the long jump. "I left out the high jump," recalls Mrs. Blankers, who had tied for sixth place in that event at Berlin in 1936, "because I thought I might pull a muscle."

The 100 meters was her first event. Fanny got through her heat and semifinal races with ease, leaving intact the Olympic record of 11.5 seconds set by Helen Stephens of the U.S. at Berlin. On the day of the finals, Monday, she awoke at 5 o'clock, peered out at London's damp, grimy weather, then went

back to bed for another try at sleep.

By race time, despite a needling rain, Fanny's nerves were settled. She beat the British girl, Dorothy Manley, by five feet, in 11.9 seconds, a respectable time considering the weather, and, for the first time in the Games, her number—692—was hung at the top of the scoreboard. The English band broke, uncertainly, into *Wilhelmus*, the national anthem of The Netherlands. A Dutch broadcaster came up with his microphone. "Poppa," Fanny said into it, "dance now around the kitchen table."

Qualification for the long jump and the finals for the 80-meter hurdles were scheduled for the same day, and Mrs. Blankers was faced with a choice: should she try for both and maybe lose, or concentrate on just one? She chose the hurdles for the feminine reason that it was nicer, "nicer even than flat running, which can be boring." The Olympic record of 11.6 seconds was held by Italy's Trebenda Valla. Mrs. Blankers' chief rival in London again was a British girl, the pretty young ballet teacher Maureen Gardner.

Miss Gardner's arrival at the track was a psychological coup. As Mrs. Blankers tells it, "I saw she had brought her own hurdles. Any athlete who carries her own hurdles around must really be top-class." Nevertheless, the unpsyched Fanny won her heat handily while the English girl hit a hurdle and barely qualified for the finals in hers. Rain fell all through that night and on through the following morning. It was still prancing in the puddles when the girls arrived at the track for the finals. Mrs. Blankers had spent a restless night. She ate no breakfast. A letter from Amsterdam said the children missed her. She ate no lunch. She refused to sign autographs. But at the track her husband gathered her wits with a neat, five-word

crack. "Fanny," he said, "you are too old." Miss Gardner was 19.

The rivals drew adjacent lanes, which suited Mrs. Blankers; from there she could keep an eye on the youngster. When called to their marks they crouched together at the starting line; when told to get set they rose on their fingertips. Then an odd thing happened. Or didn't happen. The pistol didn't go off. Then it did.

Mrs. Blankers' rhythm was upset. She got away a split stride behind the English girl and followed her over the first hurdle. By the second one she had drawn even; then, according to films, she fell fractionally behind, only to regain the lead. The two were legging it spike to spike for the fifth hurdle, where Mrs. Blankers took off late. She hit the hurdle. Now she recalls: "What happened after that was a blurred memory. My style went to pieces, and I staggered in like a drunkard." What happened after that was a nightmare.

Mrs. Blankers had felt the tape drag across her forehead yet, through the corner of one "drunkard's" eye she saw not only the English girl but the great young Australian, Shirley Strickland, as well. It appeared a triple dead heat. The runners waited, stumbling about, while the judges studied the photographs of the finish. The band suddenly erupted into *God Save the King*, and Mrs. Blankers' heart slumped. The band was not saluting a winner, however, but King George, who had just entered the royal box.

At length the winning time was announced: 11.2 seconds, a new world and Olympic record—set identically by Miss Gardner and Mrs. Blankers. The number 692 at last appeared at the top of the scoreboard. Gold medal No. 2 for the Dutch woman. Dutifully, the band played *Wilhelmus* again.

The next day was torture for Fanny.

continued

It started, characteristically, with a gray, rainy dawn. At her mailbox, where yesterday she had found a lonesome message from her children, today Fanny found nothing at all. Ahead lay the everlasting heats and semifinals of the 200 meters, at that time the longest race for women in the Games. Mrs. Blankers rallied and won beautifully, she thought, but her time, when announced, was slow. She broke down and wept in her dressing room. Her husband was summoned. She said she'd had enough and wanted to go home. He said nothing. "If you do not want to go on," he told her at last, "you must not. But later perhaps you will be sorry."

Fanny went on. She won her semi-final that afternoon and on the following day, in rain, of course, drew the lane to her liking, inside. From there she could see her opponents strung out before her. The Briton to beat today was the army officer, Audrey Williamson. Fanny took the lead much earlier than she had planned, at mid-point, and

without the zest of a chase her time was well beyond the world record of 23.6 seconds set years before by the mighty Polish runner S. Walasiewicz. The English girl, to be sure, came second. "For once," sighed *The Times*, which had a wryer touch than it does now, "the greatest all-round woman athlete yet seen at an Olympic Games did not break a record." Which was reasonable, the paper pointed out, since women had never run the distance before at an Olympics.

To win her fourth gold medal, Fanny needed help from her countrymen. Her relay team was a good one, plagued with one problem: Fanny was too fast. In practice through the summer, she had been unable to break the habit of running away from her teammate at the baton exchange. Still, it was reckoned that from her anchor position Mrs. Blankers could easily make up as much as a four-yard deficit; anything less than that given to her by her teammates was money in the bank. Over the first three legs of the race in London, however, it

became clear that the Dutch girls had overdrawn their account. When she was passed the stick, Mrs. Blankers was five yards behind the leaders. She tells the story with awesome simplicity: "I had to guard against sprinting away from my runner, so I was slow getting away. I overtook very quickly the Danish girl, then the English girl and at the very end I caught the Australian girl."

Back home in Amsterdam the Flying Housewife, having flown higher and faster than ever before, was drawn through the streets in an open coach behind four white horses. A candy bar was named after her (without endorsement fees) and a gladiolus and a rose. And for the next four years she continued winning prizes as the outstanding woman track-and-field athlete of her time. The holder of seven world titles and four gold medals, Fanny might well have repeated her whole act in Helsinki in 1952 at the age of 34 were it not for a silly ailment—an annoying and very painful boil that kept her out.

END

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The logo features the word "VISTA" in a bold, sans-serif font. Above the letter "I" is a large, stylized arrow pointing upwards and to the right. Above the word "VISTA" is the tagline "VOLUNTEERS IN SERVICE TO AMERICA" in a smaller, all-caps font.

SCORECARD

HOGWASH

The NCAA pulled a dandy last week in Los Angeles at its annual convention. After years of trying to protect student-athletes from the high-pressure college coach, it went off on a naked reverse in exactly the opposite direction. By a vote of 167-79 (and why were only 246 votes cast on this vital bit of legislation?) the NCAA decided to let its 610 member colleges

terminate the financial aid of a student-athlete if he is adjudged to have been guilty of manifest dishonesty through violation of institutional regulations or established athletic department policies and rules applicable to all student athletes.

The legislation obviously was aimed at athletes who join illegal campus programs which in itself has some pretty hairy implications, but the phrase we are interested in right now is "established athletic department policies." All that means, in too many cases, is the coach's policies. Under this new regulation an opportunistic coach can assume extraordinary control over his players. A boy is no longer a student-athlete: he is an athlete, plain and simple. Will he break a rule if he misses a session on the basketball court to study for an exam? Ask Coach Fastbreak. Can he skip spring football practice and go out for baseball instead? Don't be silly. If a coach down on a player decides that a boy's "attitude" is bad bingo there goes his scholarship. Suppose a coach realizes that he made a recruiting mistake and has wasted one of his valuable scholarships on a high school prospect who turns into a lemon in college (and you should have heard the Southeastern Conference football coaches moan at the NCAA meeting because they had only 40 scholarships a year to give away compared to 45 and 50 in other conferences). How does Coach Bowtbound get that wasted scholarship back into productive operation? Guess which high school hero somehow somehow violates a rule and loses his free ride.

Walter Byers, the NCAA's executive director, was asked whether he thought some coaches might use the new regulation to further their own interests. Despite years of handling cases in which colleges have been fined and suspended for coachy violations of NCAA rules, Byers answered, "On that a lot of hog wash. There are no such coaches."

Hogwash, Walter.

STUDENT-ATHLETE

A somewhat different situation exists in college athletics in Canada. Terry Harron, a center on McGill University's hockey team, is a fourth year engineering student. In the course of his studies he combined a number of theories and came up with a workable digital filter that screens out unwanted sounds. We are not quite sure what that is, but it is original enough to warrant Harron's taking out a patent on it. To prepare the necessary papers for processing the patent, Terry took a month off from hockey in the middle of the season. No sweat. Brian Gilmour, the McGill hockey coach, says, "This is an academic institution, and these things happen. You just have to get used to it."

CURSE YOU, MAURICE RICHARD

The latest sport Charlie Schulz has been pushing in *Pewee* is ice skating (Snoopy recently revealed that he and Peggy Fleming used to skate together—quite often—until I became big time.) Schulz's interest, of course, is personal. In Northern California, where they live, he and his wife used to skate at a small rink in Santa Rosa, not far from their home in Sebastopol, until one day the roof began to collapse. Now Schulz is building his own rink in Santa Rosa, a fairly elaborate affair that will be able to seat 1,800 spectators for ice hockey and figure skating.

"We want to promote hockey among the kids," Schulz says, "and figure skating, too." Originally the rink was to cost about \$250,000, but current estimates

indicate that it will go beyond \$1 million before it is finished. Schulz says, "We sent a photographer to Switzerland to take pictures of villages and mountains. We'll run murals along one side of the rink and have three or four Swiss houses on the other side. In one section we'll have some stained-glass windows of Snoopy skating. Upstairs, we plan to have an exhibition room for art exhibits and other shows. And we'll also have a restaurant called The Warm Puppy."

Why all this, Charlie?

Says Schulz, who was born in Minnesota, "I always wanted to be a hockey player."

A RACE TO GET YOUR TEETH INTO

The *Daily Racing Form* chart of the fourth race at Tropical Park on Jan. 8 reads: "Hans II ran over an alligator on the course while saving ground at the first turn, split horses to take over leaving the far turn and, after dropping over, drew off with authority."

Damn right he split horses and drew off with authority. Wouldn't you, if you had almost stepped on an alligator? And has anybody asked the stewards whether



an alligator on the course is considered a stimulant?

What happened at Tropical was that an alligator that had found its way into the vast infield decided to crawl back across the track just as the field in the fourth race came barreling along. An Alligator Stakes had been run earlier in the meeting, as track wets were quick to point out, but Jockey Bob Wholey, who was up on Hans II, was not in the mood

continued



Bob Irlby,
Dallas Cowboys

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SCORECARD *continued*

for lighthearted quips when he was interviewed after the race.

"My horse and I didn't see the gate until the last moment," he explained, "not until the other horses had passed over him. He was thrashing around and trying to bite us. My mount jumped clear over him and all I could think of was, if I fall, I better land on my feet and start running."

If he had, it would have been an even more fascinating race, because Wholey would have been 1 to 10 to beat Hans II to the wire.

CLOCKWORK

Arnold Palmer shot a 72 on the first round of the Los Angeles Open (nine behind Charlie Sifford's leading 63), but it was nonetheless a significant round for Arnie. His 70th stroke of the day, a pitching wedge to the green on the 18th, was his 100,000th stroke as a professional on the tour. His overall tour earnings to that point were \$1,165,565. That means Arnie picked up an average of about \$800 for every round he played, almost \$50 for every hole and precisely \$11 65½ for each stroke.

SWITCHEROO

John Chandler, a Republican member of the New Hampshire state legislature, has introduced a bill that would require all adult males of sound mind and with no criminal record to have and keep in working order "one firearm and 500 rounds of ammunition." The penalty for not owning a gun would be \$100, six months in jail or both. Also, every seven-day period of gun nonownership would constitute a new offense.

Chandler has never owned a gun and does not hunt. He introduced the bill, he said, "because I thought it made good sense that the citizenry be armed. It should have the means to protect itself at all times because there can be moments when the police just can't get there in time to handle the situation."

BLOWUP

Schools and colleges having trouble raising money for sports facilities might be interested to know that Harvard, richest of American universities, has erected a vinyl-coated nylon bubble to give its indoor track and field squad a place to train.

The bubble, which cost only \$300,000, compared to the \$2 or \$3 million a per-

manent facility would run, rises 60 feet in the air, covers an area 300 feet long and 150 feet wide and encloses an 11-lap track. It has a see-through dome so that the bubble can be used in the daytime without artificial light, and it also has 36 1,000-watt lamps for night track events. There are seats for 400 spectators. The bubble was inflated right after the Harvard-Yale game and will remain up until June, when it will be folded away for the summer. In the fall, as football wanes, it will be pumped up again.

"It gives us the best indoor facility in the East, if not in the country," says Harvard track coach Bill McCurdy. "People can look at this and realize that there are solutions other than a permanent building."

PLASTIC AGE

We have plastic fieldhouses and Tartan tracks and AstroTurf fields and plenty more where they came from. Now we have make-believe weeds. The Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources has installed weedbeds made of plastic Olefin in Trout Lake and Lake 17 (and doesn't that last one have a romantic ring to it?) Hundreds of slender artificial fronds float upward from wooden frames set 6 to 12 feet deep. The experiment is designed to learn whether such devices are superior to the log cribs that are ordinarily used for fish cover.

If Wisconsin wants to make the habitat completely natural for the fish, it will see to it that a couple of dozen plastic beer cans nestle at the base of the fronds.

TELL ME TRUE

Like most members of his profession, Lou Henson, basketball coach at New Mexico State, is given to heaping praise on his opponents and having abject misgivings about forthcoming games. This season, even after his Aggies had won their first 11 games, Henson blandly predicted that his poor little team would lose nine of the 15 games remaining on the schedule.

A listener protested:

"I mean it," Henson said. "Honestly. You could give me a lie-detector test."

So they did. The local police chief brought a polygraph to the weekly boosters' club lunch and 250 truth seekers gathered to watch as Henson was wired up.

"Is Arizona State [the next opponent]

really tough enough to beat your team?"

"Yes," said Henson.

"Lie," said the machine.

"Your team is in the top 10 in both wire-service polls. Do you think it should rate that high?"

"No," said Henson modestly.

"Lie," said the machine.

"Do you tell the truth here at these luncheons each Monday when you build up the opposition?"

"Oh, yes," said Henson.

"Oh, no," said the machine.

And who was right, Henson or the machine? Well, New Mexico State walloped Arizona State 85-69, and at last report had extended its winning streak to 14 straight. Don't mess around with a polygraph.

DUAL-TRACK PRIZE

It was a good week for the forces of the law in New Mexico. There, as elsewhere in the country, stereo-tape players have moved ahead of hub caps, so far as thieves who prey upon cars are concerned. There is a large market for them—no questions asked—and they are easy to steal, unless you happen to take one from the car of a girl track star. In Albuquerque, a thief made just this mistake and was spotted by Jane Powdrell, who majors in physical education at New Mexico Highlands University. Instead of calling for help, Jane ran after the crook, caught him in the next block and held him against a wall until friends brought the police.

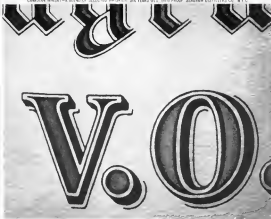
"She's run track ever since she was old enough to enter meets," Jane's mother said proudly, "and she never came home from a meet without a medal."

THEY SAID IT

• Dave Foley, Ohio State co-captain, explaining Coach Woody Hayes' all-work, no-play planning that led to the resounding Rose Bowl triumph: "The coach told us he was taking us to this secluded hotel and that we weren't in Pasadena for a good time. When I saw the folks in the hotel lobby playing dominoes, I knew we were in the right place."

• Al Oerter, four-time Olympic discus champion, on the possibilities for discus throwers in professional track and field: "The only way we could make it would be if Jay Silvester and I threw at each other and had to keep throwing until one of us got hit. Then maybe we'd draw 10 people."

END



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SAY IT'S SO, JOE

And say it Joe did, boasting over and over again that his Jets would whip the mighty Colts in the Super Bowl. Then came Sunday—and Joe Namath quit talking and began to throw. Just like he said . . . **by TEX MAULE**

Broadway Joe Namath (*see cover*) is the folk hero of the new generation. He is long hair, a Fu Manchu mustache worth \$10,000 to shave off, swinging nights in the live spots of the big city, the dream lover of the stewards—all that spells invulnerable youth in the Jet Age.

Besides all that, Namath is a superb quarterback who in the Super Bowl last week proved that his talent is as big as his mouth—which makes it a very big talent, indeed. He went from Broadway Joe to Super Joe on a cloud-covered afternoon in Miami, whipping the Baltimore Colts, champions of the National Football League, 16-7 in the process.

Almost no one thought the New York Jets could penetrate the fine Baltimore defense, but Namath was sure of it and said so. "We're a better team than Baltimore," he said before the game. He was lying by the pool at the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel, where the Jets stayed, tanned and oiled against the sun. Namath reminds you a bit of Dean Martin in his relaxed confidence and in the droop of

his heavy-lidded eyes. He is a man of immense self-assurance and, as he showed early in the week, a man of startling honesty.

"Earl Morrall would be third-string quarterback on the Jets," he said. "There are maybe five or six better quarterbacks than Morrall in the AFL."

It was called loudmouthing, bragging, but as it turned out, Super Joe told it the way it was. In a surpassing display of passing accuracy and mental agility, he picked the Colt defense apart. Then, with a comfortable 16-0 lead, he prudently relied upon a surprisingly strong running game through most of the fourth quarter to protect that lead. He read the puzzling Colt defenses as easily as if they had been printed in comic books, and the Colt blitz, a fearsome thing during the regular NFL season, only provided Namath with the opportunity to complete key passes.

"We want them to blitz," Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank had said before the game. "Joe reads the blitz real well. We like blitzing teams." When it was over, Na-

math said, "I'll tell you one thing. No champagne in the dressing room of the world champions is a ridiculous thing. Of course, I've never been here before."

Having embellished his image a bit, he went on to more serious things. "Do I regret what I said before the game?" he asked rhetorically. "No, I meant every word of it. I never thought there was any question about our moving against their 'great' defense. I'm sorry that Don Shula took what I said about Morrall as a rap. I only meant it as a statement of fact."

"Can you go over your emotions now?" someone asked him, and Namath thought for a moment. "No," he said. "That would take too much time and too much thinking. I'd rather just enjoy it."

Aside from the virtuoso performance by Namath, the Jet victory was built on

continued

Poolside before Namath confidently tells fans and writers how he'll do it. Then, behind the solid protection he had all day, he does it.



an exceptionally strong performance from an offensive line that has protected Namath like the palace guard all year, dogged, insistent running by Fullback Matt Snell and an inspired performance by the supposedly weak Jet secondary.

The Joe Namath of the defensive troops was elderly Johnny Sample, who once played for Baltimore and who had the difficult task of guarding the Colts' Willie Richardson. "We can win," Sample said before the game. "I've been waiting three years for this. The National Football League blackballed me and took the bread off my table."

The Jet defense planned to deny the Colts the devastating inside running that had riddled the Cleveland Browns in the NFL championship game. Larry Grantham, a light corner linebacker who

played 20 pounds better than his weight, said, "All week long all you read about was Joe Namath against the great Baltimore defense, and nobody wrote anything about our defense. But we felt that we had a chance to shut them out. You know, all season their defense has been giving Morrall the ball in good field position so he never had to drive more than 50 or 60 yards for a touchdown. We knew if we could make him go farther than that he would mess up eventually—and he did."

The weak spots in the Jet defense, supposedly vulnerable to the Colt passing attack, were believed to be Cornerbacks Randy Beverly and Sample, but both proved to be exceptionally prickly obstacles. The Baltimore offense, even with Morrall having a disastrous day, often

moved the ball rather handily, but each time it arrived at the gates to the end zone the Jets produced a drive-stopping play. Often it was Sample or Beverly who played William Tell.

On its first offensive series, Baltimore appeared ready to substantiate the opinion of the bookies and the sportswriters. "The writers said the NFL would kick the hell out of our quarterback," Sample said. "But players play the game, not writers."

Morrall passed to John Mackey and Mackey rambled over two Jet tacklers for 19 yards. Tom Matte swept right end for 10 yards and Jerry Hill swept left end for seven more. Then Morrall passed to Tight End Tom Mitchell at the 19 for still another first down. But at this point the Jet defense forced two

Having made the first of four Jet interceptions to stop Colts, Beverly triumphantly waves ball. Minutes later, Snell scores New York touchdown.



incompletions and on third down Sample and Beverly clung to Colt receivers so closely that Morrall could not find a target and ran for no gain. Lou Michaels missed a field goal from the 27-yard line and it was still 0-0.

The next time Baltimore threatened, Beverly made the first of his two key interceptions. The Colts had recovered a Jet fumble on the New York 12, and on third and four from the New York six Morrall fired a cannon-shot pass at Mitchell over the Jet goal line. The ball hit Mitchell in the shoulder pad, caromed high in the air and Beverly made a diving, off-balance interception 10 yards away in the corner of the end zone.

Namath used this break as the springboard for a brilliantly executed 80-yard

continued



One of Jets' defensive heroes, Sample deflects ball meant for Richardson. Offensive star Sauer grabs a long Namath pass after evading Lyles.

2:01 JETS
0 BALL ON 39



touchdown drive that pointed up the reasons he is no longer just Broadway Joe. He took 12 plays to negotiate the touchdown and he accepted all the variations, stunts and devices of the Colt defense with equanimity.

On this drive Namath began by using Snell four times in a row for 26 yards. Snell is a 219-pound fullback in his fifth year with the Jets and he reserved his best performance of the season for this game. Early in the week Snell had had a damaged knee drained of fluid, but now he ran as friskily as if he had 18-year-old, undamaged legs.

"Their defensive line likes to hit and slide off the block," he said later. "They have great pursuit, so we didn't want to try to run anything that would delay hitting the hole. We were hitting to the right side of their defensive line. I've been telling reporters for a long time that Winston Hill is a great offensive tackle and today he proved it. I mean when he blocks, he doesn't just get a stalemate with the guy he's on. He blows him out."

The long game for Snell on his four carries was a draw, a play that stung the Colts over and over again as the Jets did what the Colts were supposed to do—control the ball on a long drive. With the Colt defense properly concerned with the jet running attack, Namath went to the air.

The Colt defense demonstrated a fascination for Don Maynard, the fastest of the Jet receivers, who has been described as a faster Raymond Berry with not quite as good moves. He may be better than that. "They had a strong rotation toward Don," said George Sauer, the other wide receiver. "Most clubs will do that to the receiver who has the most speed."

On the first pass after Snell's four runs, Namath went to Sauer. Don Shinnick, the linebacker, had dropped back deep in the area. He nearly intercepted the ball. "I was a little off balance and I had to make sure I knocked it down," Shinnick said. "I should have had it."

Namath hit Bill Mathis, in for Snell, on an outlet pass for six yards, then came back to Sauer in the cracks of the zone twice, once for 14 yards and again

for 11. The Colts had not expected him to throw much to his running backs, figuring that he would have to keep them at home to protect him from Baltimore's pass rush. But now he hit Snell for 12 yards, down to the Baltimore nine.

From there, Namath calmly went back to the run and Snell carried twice, scoring the second time from four yards out over the vulnerable right side of the Colt line. Again he started inside, veered off and slashed across off a block by Tackle Hill.

"Snell is a great runner," Hill said after the game. "He doesn't ask for much room. The mediocre backs come back to the huddle and cry if they didn't get a hole big enough to back a truck through. I knew we could do it. We ran against the best teams in our league. What's so special about the Colts?"

By now five minutes and 57 seconds had elapsed in the second quarter and the Colts began to come apart a bit. A player who preferred to be unidentified said, "We should have had points on the board with the way we moved the ball, and we were behind 7-0. We should have stuck to the game plan, but we began to panic. That's what they were supposed to do, but they played with great poise. We didn't."

Late in the second period, strong Safety Jim Hudson made a good play on a Colt maneuver that might have turned the game around. The Colts had the ball on the New York 41 with 25 seconds to go, and Morrall tried a bit of razzle-dazzle that should have resulted in a touchdown.

He handed the ball to Tom Matte on a sweep to the right—a play on which Matte had been effective—and Matte, in mid-sweep, stopped and threw a long lateral back across the field to Morrall. Far downfield in the corner near the goal line, Jimmy Orr was jumping up and down and waving his arms frantically, completely overlooked by the Jet defense. But Morrall did not see him and threw over the middle deep toward Fullback Jerry Hill. Hudson nipped in ahead of Hill and intercepted the ball.

"I was the primary receiver," Orr said later. "Earl said he just didn't see me. I was open from here to Tampa."

Bill Curry, the Colt center who was in shock for an hour after the game, said, "I'm just a lineman but I looked up and saw Jimmy open. I don't know what happened."

On the first play of the second half, the Jets recovered a Matte fumble and Jim Turner kicked a field goal to make it 10-0. When the Jets stopped Baltimore again, Namath took his team back down the field, where Turner kicked another field goal.

At this point, with some three minutes left in the third quarter, Baltimore Coach Don Shula turned to John Unitas for the score, completing four passes on the drive. Yet, in a way, it was sad. Unitas hit four passes, but he missed six, and when the Colts tried an onside kick and recovered the ball on the Jet 44 with three minutes and 14 seconds to go, Unitas couldn't pull it off. He hit three passes in a row, but then he missed three to lose the ball. He got it once more but he could not score again.

So the era of John Unitas ended and the day of Broadway Joe and the mod quarterback began. John is crew cut and quiet and Joe has long hair and a big mouth, but haircuts and gab obviously have nothing to do with the efficiency of quarterbacks.

Namath won this one—a historic game for the AFL after eight years of existence, but only the third Super Bowl matchup. It might convince some AFL owners they should keep the present league alignments intact when the two meet in Palm Springs on March 17 to arrange the scheduling merger. Wayne Valley, an owner of the Oakland Raiders, is one AFL owner who wants to keep his league as it is.

If the AFL stays together as an operating unit, it will owe its existence in part to a stubby little man named Weeb Ewbank, who last week gave Joe Namath a brilliant game plan and who won NFL championships in 1958 and 1959 with Johnny Unitas and the Colts. Ewbank, in discussing the two great quarterbacks he has coached to championships, often mistakenly says Namath when he means Unitas.

But it was Broadway Joe—or Super Joe, if you prefer—who did the big job in this game. It is easy to understand why Ewbank has difficulty separating Johnny U. and Super Joe in his mind. They are so different—yet so very much alike.

END

Once the greatest of them all, Johnny U. (18) breathes some life into the Colts in the winning minutes of a bitterly disappointing game



A serious Sifford keeps an eye on the ball

OLD CHARLIE JOLTS THE NEW TOUR

Having buried the hatchet—partly in each other—the pros and the PGA start their \$6 million road show with a rouser at Los Angeles **by DAN JENKINS**

Charlie Sifford would work it cut, reaching up in the sky now and then, as he said, for the courage that a black golfer would need. And a few hundred miles away, at a tournament near San Francisco that was supposed to conflict with the Los Angeles Open in a year of total war between the players and the PGA, the receipts would get lifted. Yeah, golf's first robbery. And that is how it began last week, the year of peace and tranquility on the pro tour. A Negro wins the first tournament—in a playoff over a South African, at that—and the Alameda Open has a \$20,000 heat. Wonderful. Hold onto your kangaroo bags, folks. Before 1969 is over, Arnold Palmer will become a soul singer and Charlie Sifford will replace Clifford Roberts as tournament chairman of the Masters.

Grand old Charlie had to win at L.A. It was his championship from the first day, when he shot a 63. He started moving everybody to the back of the bus on that round with a six-hole stretch on the second nine in which he went seven under par. Five birdies and an eagle it was, and a 28, a foolish figure in sport that has no place except on the jerseys of flankers and cornerbacks. After that he just shot par 71s at Rancho Park, the municipal course which hosts the L.A. Open.

Far would ordinarily have been good enough, but the field kept after Sifford. Harold Henning, a slender, handsome South African, finally caught him, even passed him up by a stroke, on the tournament's final nine holes. Sifford had to rub the medal around his neck, and look up at the sky for some courage. He did that, and he got a birdie at the 16th hole to draw back into a tie, and then he nailed a nine-iron into the first sudden-death green that bit the turf and smuggled up about four feet from the cup. Henning, still off the green in 2, could manage no better than a par, and

when Sifford very carefully rapped in that birdie the moment was electric.

Charlie Sifford, Negro, 46, father of two, his own golf teacher, a short little man with a mustache, was a curious hero in a country-club sport. A black lady journalist raced onto the green and kissed him. Don Newcombe, the ex-Dodger pitcher, ran out and grabbed his hand. And huge, happy swarms of Charlie's fans, all colors, surrounded him, tearfully delirious. Black guys who can't play the game whooped, and white guys who've never seen a country club whooped.

Sifford had won once before, of course, at Hartford last year. But that victory was lost in the heat and boredom of pro golf's late-summer swing when all of the major championships have ended and only the nonwinners and the non-rich are in there scratching. This one was far more beautiful. The L.A. Open goes back to 1926. It is the second oldest event on the PGA tour. It has plenty of prestige. And now it had started off a new year with Charlie Sifford, an old man, a black man, a man with a fall-down, creaking caddie's swing, earning \$20,000.

In spite of pro golf's Civil War of 1968, the tour is richer than ever this year. Already there are 32 tournaments scheduled. Fifteen others are waiting in line, and the total purse money is expected to top \$6 million. Last year's 45 troubled tournaments were worth only \$5.5 million.

The pros probably should feel a little indebted to the sponsors of the L.A. Open for being among the first to cast their lot with the players in their argument with the PGA. But pro golfers rarely feel indebted to anyone, and they don't understand why the event isn't worth \$200,000 instead of a paltry \$100,000 and why it cannot go back to one of the fine country clubs—Riviera, for

example—instead of being staged on a municipal course across the street from a car wash and a fried-chicken takeout emporium.

The money question merits no comment, but the matter of Rancho Park is something else. Let's just say it is, ah, a distinctive golf course. It gets a fantastic amount of play. As Sifford said one day, "You make your starting time here from year to year." The clubhouse is about the size of a small insurance office, the practice range, shaved of grass, is enclosed by a high fence and looks like a giant batting cage. Last week there were no banners or signs proclaiming that this was the site of the L.A. Open. To get there, one simply drove out Pico Boulevard, slowed down near the *Helix*, *Dolly* set piercing the smog above 20th Century-Fox and turned left at the car wash.

If a spectator got lost and didn't arrive until Saturday's third round, he missed seeing many of golf's top names. The roll call of shooters who blew the 36-hole cut and thus escaped Rancho Park read like a couple of past Ryder Cup teams. Gene Littler, Doug Ford, Art Wall, Bob Rosburg, Bob Goalby, Ken Venturi, Paul Harney, Bill Maxwell, Jerry Barber, Johnny Pott and Lionel Hebert, to cite a few.

There were some old reliables, to be sure. Arnold Palmer, fresh from five days of shooting commercials in Palm Springs and with a speeded up swing that both-

ered him, was hanging around the leader board. So were Billy Casper, George Archer, Mason Rudolph, Bruce Devlin and a couple of veterans whose names loomed illustriously high—Henning and Dave Hill. But among the early leaders that the show-biz-dotted gallery had the pleasure of following if it wanted to be where the best golf was played were Tommy Shaw, Ken Ellsworth, Jimmy Walker Jr., Bob Smith, Roy Pace, Wayne Yates, Grier Jones and Robert Payne.

The situation of old Charlie Sifford leading safely for three rounds, and being challenged largely by the unnotables, led to some eerie conversations in the galleries: "Did you see Payne's shot on nine?" "Going out to pick up Yates and Ellsworth on 13?" "What'd Shaw get on the front?" When was the last time in a big tournament that the three men in the last pairing, the feature pairing, were named Sifford, Shaw and Payne? Nobody asked, "Which one's Sifford?" Charlie they knew from a lot of years. Shaw and Payne were sort of interchangeable, however—both of medium build, both in their mid-20s, both from Illinois—except that Tommy has yellowish hair.

By Sunday only Sifford mattered. The Shaws and Paynes will wait for other days. Charlie had done a lot of laughing on Thursday because when you hole a 40-yard wedge shot and drop every putt you walk up to, there isn't anything to do but giggle and shake your

head. Then the first 71 had come, and the next 71, and Henning, and sudden death, and it had been a long time between smiles. But finally it was check-accepting time and interview time, and the man who had shot the 63 was smiling once again.

"It used to be there was only Charlie Sifford out here," he said later. "It's a little easier now. There are seven or eight Negro players [six played at L.A.], and that makes it easier. I started playing because I realized one day that I could hit the ball just as easy as I could hand the club to somebody else."

"This game's not simple. It's hard. It takes 24 hours a day to play it. I come to the course, I'm at work. I'm working the golf ball. Only once I can remember getting any help. Julius Boros, he's an old man like me, and an old friend, he told me to do something with my hands that would help me play better as I get older. That's about the only tip I ever got."

Sifford must have used it. Only one player in the field hit more fairways than he did for 72 holes, and only three men were able to hit more greens in regulation. And maybe nobody looked at the sky as often.

"I got one real thought about this," Charlie said. "The Lord gave me some courage to stay in there when it got close. I don't know whether I proved that the black man can play golf, but I proved that Charlie Sifford can." **END**



As municipal as a course can get, Rancho Park offers numerous strange scenes, including a 9th green that is sandwiched between two fences.

OPEN SEASON ON BOBBY HULL

Hockey's top goal scorer is having his finest year despite a fractured jaw, a brownish glap of a liquid diet—and some of the heaviest punishment dealt a superstar since Maurice Richard **by GARY RONBERG**

For several years now, the flights of Bobby Hull have been more and more turbulent. Ever since he started averaging 50 goals a year, in 1966, the superstar of the Chicago Black Hawks has been acquiring more than the usual number of stitches, sprains and fractures from those straining to stop him. This year—though it may well be his finest ever—is certainly among the most painful. The leading National Hockey League goal scorer and point getter is playing with a broken jaw.

Underweight from taking all his meals through a straw, and playing with his blond hair and rugged features obscured by a makeshift helmet and a football face guard, Hull appears to have lost a stride. His shot has lost some of its steam, and even though he still takes his reg-

ular turn, kills penalties and plays on the power play, this is not the Bobby Hull the rest of the league fears so much. Still, he has maintained a remarkable scoring pace: of his 30 goals, eight have come in the eight games he has played since he was hurt.

Nobody—not even Hull himself—is sure exactly how the fracture occurred. Hull remembers coming away from a rough game in Detroit on Dec. 19 with soreness in his jaw, but nothing, he thought, to require X rays. He played the next game against Pittsburgh, and then, on Christmas night, he caught an elbow from Toronto's Mike Pelyk flush in the mouth and backed away in excruciating pain. There were X rays this time, and they revealed a fracture below Hull's right ear. The doctors wired

his jaw together. He skipped one game but has been playing ever since.

"I've got to be careful," Hull said last week. "I don't go blasting into the corners the way I usually do, and I've got to keep my elbows up. I've got to keep people away from my face. Trouble is, I can feel myself getting weaker especially when we're playing as often as we have been (four games in five nights, then three more in five). I've lost 15 pounds already, and they say I'll keep losing weight until the wire comes off."

Hull's normal playing weight is a robust, body-beautiful 195, kept stoked by the steaks he likes to eat (medium rare) and fit from work on his Ontario farm during the off season. But now his wife, Joanne, whips up Hull's meals in a blender, and he sips them through a straw. The recipe? Well, it would not be found on the menu at the Red Carpet.

A Hull meal, which he calls "brownish ugh," consists of three-fourths of a pound of ground beef, a cup of half-and-half, a can of barley soup and half a cup of milk. For variety, Mrs. Hull occasionally tosses in a raw egg or two. Hull takes the blender with him on the road, where his teammates get to play chef. "It tastes terrible," says Eric Nesterenko. "Really I don't see how Bobby can eat it."

A Chicago doctor says Hull will probably be down to 170 pounds before his jaws are de-wired four weeks from now. "He isn't getting enough protein," says the doctor. "He's on a strong carbohydrate diet, and a good athlete like Bobby burns that up in no time at all. Without protein he'll continue to suffer a degree of muscle deterioration, and I doubt if he'll be able to get back to his normal weight before the season is over." The reason is that Hull was all muscle when the season began.

So Hull continues to play with an injury that would sideline many hockey players. Bobby's current state, in fact, reminds one of the 1963 Stanley Cup playoffs, during which he played with a



Wearing face guard to protect jaw, Hull presses attack against St. Louis defender.

nose so severely smashed that the fracture extended into his skull. With the Hawks one game from elimination, Hull ignored the orders of his doctors, checked out of a Chicago hospital and flew by himself to Detroit. That night—with both eyes blackened, his nose encased in tape and blood draining into his throat—he played against the Red Wings. He scored three goals and an assist, but even that heroic effort was not enough to avert a 7-4 Chicago loss.

The Hawks were in St. Louis to play the Blues last Saturday, and Hull emerged from a team meeting around noon. Despite the green turtle-neck and heavy parka he wore, he was visibly underweight, his cheeks were sunken and his face was greatly in need of the color it gets every once in a while during junkies south in behalf of the Jantzen company. With his jaws completely immobilized, Hull had to speak through clenched teeth, like a ventriloquist.

"They've been laying off me lately," he said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I haven't been getting hounded as much as I usually do. Maybe they feel sorry for me."

But as it was with Montreal's immortal Maurice (Rocket) Richard, Hull is rarely without company in a game. Everywhere he goes somebody either goes with him, or tries to. In recent years this has become a particularly sore point with the normally good-natured Hull, for as his goal production has expanded so has the fouling by his escorts. Four years ago Hull won the NHL's Lady Byng Trophy, given annually to "the player adjudged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct." It is unlikely he will ever win it again, Hull has to fight back continually merely to survive.

"Everybody knows Bobby's shadows," says Scotty Bowman, the coach and general manager of the Blues. "Bryan Watson, when he was with Detroit, Ed Westfall of Boston, guys like that. They're put out there just to slow Bobby down, trip him up, foul him if they have to. Bobby always compliments Claude Provost, his shadow in Montreal, because Claude will skate with him and go for the puck if he gets the chance. Well, Claude watches Bobby as close as anyone, he's just a lot less noisy about it. We play Bobby in a similar manner. I saw his father in Chicago the other night and he said, 'Scotty, I respect you



Montreal's John Ferguson delivers a right-hand punch to Hull after opening up a five-stitch cut (the blood flows below) in an extreme example of the abuse Bobby is taking this year.



and your team, you don't haggle Robert like the others do." We don't exactly leave Bobby alone, but we don't want to make him mad, either. Sometimes I'm almost tempted to tell my guy to hurt to him, sing to him if he has to—just don't make Bobby mad. You make a Hull or a Howe or a Mahovlich mad and they'll kill you."

In back-to-back St. Louis-Chicago games last week the effectiveness of this tactic proved to be only so-so. Bobby scored the winning Black Hawk goal in the first game but was shut out in the second as the Blues romped 6-1.

Ironically, the player who has made Hull the maddest this year is a Montreal teammate of Provost's, John Ferguson is one of the roughest scrappers in the league, and his careening style invariably brings him in contact with everybody at one time or another during

a game. Last Dec. 7 he and Hull provided the main event on a card at the Montreal Forum, Hull coming away with blood streaming from a deep gash on the bridge of his nose. Hull said Ferguson inflicted the gash with his stick, Ferguson denied it. So, on Jan. 4—despite Hull's already fractured jaw—they fought again in Montreal.

Chances are they'll meet again, but whether his jaw has healed or not, Bobby will not consider himself fully fit. The problem is a finger on his right hand—the one that is still stiff from a car accident of several years ago. When the gloves come off, Hull can't make a complete fist with his right hand, which adversely affects his overhand right cross. When he is asked about the undue turbulence, Bobby flexes that right hand and says, "If only this finger would bend."

END

A ROUGHHOUSE IN THE BIG TEN

At least eight schools in the Midwest's biggest conference are good enough to play with the best in the country. But the sleeper may be the Fighting Illini, who can't get to the NCAA but can cause trouble **by JOE JARES**

The winds came, and even in Columbus football suddenly was no longer news. Across the Midwest last week, citizens were moving indoors to thaw out and check on such weighty matters as Rick Mount's new hairstyle, Rudy Tomjanovich's aching back and Northwestern's toy bulldog.

It is pleasant to report that Mount indeed sports a new look, with the blond curl that once bisected his forehead now combed to the side so that he currently looks like a stockbroker in shorts. It is even pleasanter to report that the Purdue junior is otherwise the same old Rocket, tossing in 30-foot jump shots while falling out of bounds or standing on his head.

Michigan's new coach, John Orr, was publicly distraught not long ago about his ailing star, Tomjanovich. But the poor lad has managed to stay out of traction long enough to be averaging 27.2 points a game (Mount has 32.3). As for the bulldog, Northwestern stations it on the scorer's table at each of its games, to implement this sorcery: The Wildcats also carry around the leg bone of a cow. Minnesota came up with a less delicate totem. It practiced in a parking lot of the San Diego airport one morning several weeks ago using, instead of a ball, a roll of toilet paper with the weight of an official basketball clearly printed on its side.

If all this seems to add up to nothing, one other fact may help clarify matters: The Big Ten has been winning quite a few games recently. Wisconsin beat both Kansas and Kentucky and lost by only one point to Notre Dame. Minnesota, with a new coach, Bill Fitch, and two of George Mikan's sons playing, knocked off nationally ranked Mar-

quette and Detroit. Ohio State gave UCLA its toughest game of the season and Iowa is a respected dark horse. But in many ways the most impressive team of all is Illinois. Wrecked by a slush fund scandal only two years ago and still not eligible for the NCAA tournament, the Illini have run up an impressive 11-1 record, including an 82-77 overtime victory at Northwestern last Saturday in the Big Ten's TV game of the week.

One of the important reasons for the Illini's success is Harv Schmidt, a skinny alumnus who stepped into the coaching job following the scandal and did not waste a minute before getting to work. Hired, he was introduced to the press in Champaign on a Wednesday, was on a bumpy flight to Albuquerque (he had been an assistant at New Mexico) Wednesday night, took one day to settle his affairs and was back in Illinois the next day to attend the high school all-state banquet and meet a load of potential recruits. He has been scouring the state from Kankakee (where he played in high school) to Moline (where he coached) ever since.

Schmidt's success last season and this came as no surprise to his old boss at New Mexico, Bob King. "I told those people back there at Illinois that he'd get the job done," said King. "He's very intent about what he does. The two of us would be there on the bench chewing Mylanta antacid pills by the pack. If he was chewing them as an assistant coach, he must be really putting them away now."

The Illini, led by a big, mobile forward, Dave Scholz, "the six-eighther from Decatur," went through their first nine games unbeaten, then opened their Big

Ten season with an impressive 80-58 win over Minnesota at home. In the middle of last week it was pass-the-pills time again for Schmidt because his team had to travel to Purdue's big roundhouse and play the Rocket and his friends, favorites to win the championship. Yet Schmidt did not sound as though he were worried.

"I can tell they are sky high for the game," he said. "I have never seen them sharper. I think it'll be hellish close."

It turned out to be merely hellish. Purdue zipped to an early 14-point lead, let Illinois get back into contention, then moved ahead for good with a fast-breaking offense and a pressing man-to-man defense that exposed Illinois' lack of good ball handlers. Mount, playing the middle in a 1-3-1 formation cooked up by Coach George King, made 16 of 24 shots, mostly long jumpers, and 37 points. But the clue to Purdue's strength is that Mount was not the only Bombermaker hero in this game. Illinois had as much trouble containing stocky, 5'10½" Guard Bill Keller, who would wow everybody with his outside shooting on any team that did not have Mount. Sophomore George Faerber, 6'5", got down the floor quickly and drove in for baskets even with men hanging all over him. And at the other end of the floor he did a good defensive job on Scholz.

The performance of 7-foot Center Chuck Davis, however, was the most pleasing for Purdue. Davis is so slow

continued

Illinois big rebounder, Dave Scholz, strains for ball before Jodie Harrison (far right) lays up shot to assure win over Northwestern.





that King normally does not start him against smaller pivotmen—he did not even play against Wisconsin. But, to offset Illinois' husky, 6'8" sophomore Greg Jackson, Bavis started and the results were sensational. He was seven for seven from the floor, while Jackson was zero for five and sat out much of the game. "Bavis ate our kid alive," said Schmidt afterward. "He took him right out of the game."

The dejected Jackson sat on a rubbing table after the 98-84 loss staring at the floor. "We couldn't score inside—me, I couldn't score," he said. "That's why we got beat, the only reason it happened."

In another part of the gym, as a circle of admirers looked on, nattily dressed Rick Mount, the great gunner, was talking about team play, of all things. Mount, it seems, spent a good part of the summer working on defense and passing, while of course not neglecting to take his customary 200 jump shots a day.

"This is the thing, this teamwork," he said. "It's fabulous. We help each other on defense. I think my own defense has improved."

Illinois, having suffered its first loss of 10 straight wins, was in a perfect position to fold. The team's next game, four days later, would be against Northwestern in the Wildcats' roomy McGraw Hall. Physically rugged Northwestern had not lost a game there all last season. Even worse, the Illini had away games with Notre Dame and Ohio State to follow and not even the incentive of a shot at UCLA in the NCAA tourney to look forward to. So what did they do? They won, and did it the way Illinois teams are supposed to win, fighting. The game, in fact, was a brawl—35 turnovers, 57 personal fouls and three technical fouls—but then Northwestern Coach Larry Glass had been telling people all week they could expect something of the sort.

"Normally when Illinois and Northwestern get together, the word you don't think of is 'smooth,'" he said. "Anyone who expects a ballet will be disappointed."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE BAUTERHA

Waiting to pull in rebound, high scorer Rick Mount (10) gets set for shot as he did repeatedly during Purdue victory over Illinois

Some might have thought Illinois should have been the favorite. After all, Northwestern has not won a Big Ten basketball title since 1933, and last season, when Scholz was playing center, he scored 42 and 38 points against the Wildcats. But Glass, a bright young coach himself, has recruited well and brought Northwestern into the league's first division three years in a row. This season, after losing the opener to Stanford, the Wildcats reeled off nine straight victories, three short of the school record for one season. The victims were not all top-drawer but they did include Colorado and Boston College.

"We are not a great team, but we're more sound than any team I've had," said Glass. "Our defense has been consistently good and our offensive selection has been much better in running plays, making the right pass and knowing when to take the good shot. Our opponents' shooting has been about 38% to 39%—not many teams have been able to get over 40%. I like to think we're partly responsible."

Northwestern's big problem last season was winning on the road, it lost six out of seven Big Ten away games and lived for those good games in McGraw. "It isn't what the crowd does to the visiting team—it very seldom does anything to affect the play—it's what it does for its own team," Glass said. "I don't think our crowd will affect Illinois an ounce or a single point, but I sure hope it affects us."

Greg Jackson's first varsity appearance in McGraw added a little spice to the natural state rivalry. His older brother was captain of the Wildcats a few seasons ago and the younger Jackson spent a lot of time hanging around the campus before he ended up downstate with Schmidt.

Despite a bad case of flu, Schmidt made it to Evanston for the game, as did the TV cameras and about 8,500 spectators, few of them devotees of *Swan Lake*.

Northwestern, working hard on the offensive board to get second and third shots, had the lead most of the first half. It helped considerably that Scholz, who had made only six of 23 shots against Purdue, was having a terrible time against the Wildcats' 6'6" Don Adams, a junior from Georgia who is called by some the school's best basketball player in at

least 20 years. Scholz got just one basket in the first half and Northwestern led 39-36.

The tough defense worked both ways, though. Illinois' Mike Price was doing a good job on Northwestern's leading scorer, Dale Kelley, and the referees were doing a super job on everybody.

Scholz woke up a bit in the second half, perhaps because Adams was in foul trouble, but neither team could get a lead of more than three or four points. With about four minutes left, the Illini's Jodie Harrison got an easy layup off a slick play to put his team ahead 69-67, but Adams tied the score just before fouling out (with 19 points and 12 rebounds). Northwestern had possession with 1:06 left, and Guard Terry Gamber, a good ball handler, proceeded to kill time with his dribbling, waiting for a last-second shot. He never got it as he was called for traveling with four seconds left. Overtime.

Soon after play resumed, Harrison put Illinois ahead 74-71 with a three-point play, made another free throw shortly after, and, with Gamber, Adams and Center Jim Sarno all fouled out of the game for Northwestern, Illinois held on for its win. Scholz finished with 16 points and 13 rebounds and Greg Jackson, though not a sensation, improved considerably over the Purdue debacle with 14 points and eight rebounds. Harrison, who transferred to Illinois from Alabama without an athletic grant-in-aid, scored 20. Coach Schmidt said he has a grant now.

"We didn't do anything different than at Purdue," said Schmidt. "Purdue just got away from us. It's an emotional game. We had a hell of a lot more people up here yelling for us than we had at Purdue and that helps."

What it amounts to is the same old unpredictable Big Ten as last year. Purdue seems a good bet because it does not have to play at Illinois and has four out of its last five games at home. Michigan is 2-1 in the league and Tomjanovich's back seems to be holding up. Northwestern is 9-2 for the season, which is not bad, and strong teams from Ohio State and Iowa are very much a threat, which is bad if you are Harv Schmidt or Irving and dying with Purdue or Wisconsin or Minnesota or any of the others. Keep the pills handy, Harv. **AND**

THE NUKES ARE IN HOT WATER

Utility companies are going full steam ahead on the construction of nuclear plants, but the threat of thermal pollution may force a cooling-off period

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

What literally may become the "hottest" conservation fight in the history of the U.S. has begun. The fight is over nuclear power plants and the damage they can inflict on the natural environment. The opponents are the Atomic Energy Commission and utilities versus aroused fishermen, sailors, swimmers, homeowners and a growing number of scientists. More than 100 nuclear plants are on the drawing boards, and before the fight (or war, to use a more appropriate term) is over, almost every major lake and river and stretches of Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts are likely to become battlegrounds.

There are several objections to nuclear plants, but the immediate uproar is over thermal pollution caused by hot-water discharges from the plants. In order to compete economically with so-called fossil-fueled plants, which are fired



by coal, oil or gas, nuclear plants must be of much larger capacity. Despite their size, they are not as efficient as fossil-fueled plants in utilizing the steam heat produced, and they thus require enormous amounts of water to cool the waste heat. In consequence, the plants are being built next to natural bodies of water, thus assuring a continuous flow. The water is passed through a condenser where it becomes anywhere from 11° to 25° Fahrenheit hotter from absorbing the waste heat, and it is then shot back into the body of water from which it came. A one-million-kilowatt nuclear plant, typical of those being planned, requires 850,000 gallons of water a minute for cooling, and in the course of a day this means that almost 1.2 billion gallons of water will be drawn in, heated and spewed out again. That is quite a lot of water. To give an idea, a nuclear plant only half the size now being

built at Vernon, Vt. will use more than half the minimal flow of the Connecticut River. With nuclear plants proliferating, estimates are that by 1980 the power industry will require one-sixth of the total freshwater flow from the entire U.S. landmass for cooling. If one sets aside high spring flows, the industry will be using about one-half the flow during the other three seasons of the year.

Thermal pollution from a single nuclear plant can do all sorts of damage to the receiving waters. For instance, thermal pollution decreases the dissolved oxygen content, increases the toxicity of pollutants, makes water turbid (which prevents adequate sunlight penetration), spurs the growth of noxious blue-green algae (the stink of it literally can peel the paint off nearby houses), increases the metabolic rates of fish and other organisms, changes their behavior or interferes with their reproductive cycles, and often kills them outright.

Every species has its own fatal temperature, and fish which are virtually unable to regulate their body heat, live within relatively narrow temperature spans as compared to man or other mammals. Even if a fish is able to survive in water a few degrees below the lethal temperature, it may not be able to thrive because its functions are impaired. In addition to the dangers posed by the hot-water discharge, there are other problems. Small fish or eggs or other organisms can be sucked up the intake pipe and given a fast trip through a condenser, where they are cooked or battered to death. According to a study by Dr. Joseph A. Mihursky of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory, up to 95% of the organisms that passed through a power plant on the Patuxent estuary in Maryland died. A plant near a fish spawning or nursery ground could be deadly. Moreover, in order to keep the pipes and condensers from becoming fouled by barnacles and mussels, plant personnel periodically clean them out with acids, detergents or chemicals such as chlorine. These powerful biocides are then flushed into the receiving waters. In salt or brackish water, heavy metals corroded from the condenser are a problem. Copper concentrations can turn shellfish green and make them unfit for consumption.

Given the nature, threat and extent of thermal pollution, one might expect that the appropriate state or federal agencies concerned with water quality or wildlife would be attempting to cope with the problem by insisting that all nuclear plants be provided with cooling devices (to simplify a closed-circuit system similar to an automobile radiator would suffice) that would offer no thermal, physical or chemical damage to aquatic life.

But for the most part, this is not the case. The Federal Water Pollution Control Administration in the Department of the Interior cannot even attempt to take any action until after a plant has been built, damage inflicted and a protest mounted. In an effort to remedy this, the FWPCA is now in the midst of a bureaucratic wrangle with the Atomic Energy Commission, which licenses all nuclear plants. The FWPCA wants the AEC to deal with thermal pollution during licensing hearings, but the AEC absolutely refuses to do this on the grounds that it lacks statutory

continued



jurisdiction. The AEC maintains that it has jurisdiction over radiological hazards only, and if fish are dying from thermal pollution or if a river or bay is rank from algal blooms caused by hot water, well, it is just too bad, but there is nothing the commission can do. This attitude has seemed unreasonable to many persons, including Senator Edmund Muskie, whose Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution has held extensive hearings on thermal pollution. But the AEC is a power unto itself and not about to be moved. Indeed, it has been said that although Glenn Seaborg, the chairman of the AEC, won a Nobel Prize in chemistry for finding that the impact of neutrons on uranium produces plutonium, he has yet to discover hot water. Alleged lack of jurisdiction aside, the AEC apparently is not interested in preventing thermal pollution because, in the words of Hareld Price, its director of regulations, this "would impose a burden on the nuclear that is not imposed on the conventional power plants." Since Price's statement, the Federal Power Commission, which has the say-so over fossil-fueled plants, has taken thermal pollution into account, but the AEC attitude remains the same. If the AEC seems strangely solicitous of the financial investment that power companies would have to make (about 5% to 10% of total construction cost) to stop nuclear plants from frying fish or cooking waterways wholesale, it is worth noting that for years the commission has served as a training ground for utility personnel.

The power companies themselves usually refuse to recognize that thermal pollution exists. In fact, the very term thermal pollution is avoided these days by power officials, who use instead more benign terminology, such as "thermal addition" or "thermal enrichment." As McGregor Smith, chairman of the board of the Florida Power & Light Company, which is planning two reactors on Biscayne Bay, told the Muskie subcommittee with some heat (if that is the word): "The term 'thermal pollution' is so misleading and so ingenious to the development of nuclear power that, for the good of the country and the public, it should be discarded. A better, more meaningful and fairer term would be 'thermal effect.'"

On other occasions, power officials have denied that thermal effect/addition/enrichment/pollution will defile waterways. This was the case with Melvin D. Engle, chief mechanical engineer for the Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, who wrote an article, *Condensing Water—How Does It Affect the River?*, which appeared in the January 1961 issue of *Mechanical Engineering*. The gist of the article, which dealt with the company's Martins Creek plant, a large, coal-fired plant on the Delaware River, was that "power plants are good neighbors," because a study conducted for the company by the Lehigh University Institute of Research under the direction of Dr. F. J. Trembley revealed "no harmful effects to fish or plant life." A copy of this article was submitted to the Muskie subcommittee last year by Tor Kolflatt, a partner in Sargent & Lundy, a Chicago engineering firm which has designed many of the nation's private utility plants, after he testified to substantiate a point about the Delaware. What Kolflatt did not produce, as was later made evident by Pro-

fessor Frank Parker of Vanderbilt University, was another article in the May 1961 issue of *Mechanical Engineering*, by the Lehigh scientists involved in the Martins Creek study. They charged Engle with misstatements that "contradict research findings as reported to the company, or which present 'facts' not established by the research, or which are misleading because of omission or distortion of parts of the data." For instance, Engle wrote there were "no fish kills" from the hot water discharged, but the Lehigh scientists pointed out, "This contradicts the research findings of fish kills in the heated water of the river as well as in the effluent canal, as given in three different progress reports. These reports included direct observations of fish in the river actually seen dying with symptoms known to be associated with heat death."

Given the intransigence of the AEC and the utilities which the commission is supposed to police in the public interest, it is no wonder that opponents of thermal pollution have become angry. One of the fiercest battles has been fought in the northwest, where six nuclear plants are planned for the Columbia River, the first a one-million-kilowatt nuke to be built by Portland General Electric Company at Rainier, Ore. near the mouth of the river where the fishing is still good. Originally, the Columbia was a surging cold-water river, but in the past 30 years it has become a quiet staircase of dammed warmwater lagoons.

To many fishermen, the nuclear plant at Rainier promised to be the straw that would break the Columbia's back. The Washington State Sportsmen's Council immediately launched a program of resistance to the nuke. Last spring when E. C. Itchner, a vice-president of Portland General Electric, said that the hot water discharged from the nuclear plant would raise the river temperature only three-tenths of 1°, L. H. Mabbott, then president of the council, branded the statement "a fairy tale." Mabbott pointed out that the plant would be on a tidal stretch of the Columbia, and instead of moving down and out the hot water would slosh back and forth, putting a thermal plug near the mouth of the river.

In September, Dr. Richard W. Van Driel, the new president of the Washington State Sportsmen's Council, denounced Portland General Electric for issuing bids for construction of the Rainier plant "without permit or license of any kind or plans for the protection of aquatic resources." Dr. Van Driel noted, "The public has a right to know what the plans are for disposition of the heat from these huge plants before licenses are issued and before financial commitments are made."

Three months ago Portland General Electric announced it would install a cooling system at its Rainier plant. Says Dr. Van Driel: "We're not relaxing one bit. We've still got to be on guard. We won't let the pressure off."

Three thousand miles to the east a savage fight rages over nuclear plants not far from New York City. Despite localized heavy loads of organic pollution, many northeastern rivers and estuaries still support immense stocks of fish. Knock out one or two key estuaries and goody fish. For instance, the striped bass spawned in the Hudson River eventually spend part of their adult lives on the north Jersey coast down to Barnegat Bay and in Long Island Sound, administered by the states of New York and

Connecticut. Thus, nuclear plants on the Hudson, the Jersey shore or on either side of the Sound may imperil bass, the most sought-after fish in the region, and as of now unchecked nukes are in operation or under consideration in all three areas.

The Hudson, the basic source of supply, is the most endangered, and it offers the classic case in nuclear fish kills to prove the point. In the fall of 1962 a relatively tiny nuclear plant (265,000 kilowatts) began operation at Indian Point, a former park, on the river 40 miles above the Battery. This Consolidated Edison Company plant fronts on important grounds for both young stripers hatched up-river and for mature bass that migrate from the coast to spend the winter before spawning in the spring. During the first six months of operation, the Indian Point plant killed tons upon tons of fish.

Although an attorney for Con Ed later admitted to a congressional committee investigating the kill that "the Indian Point thing was bad, there is no question about it," the company was not required to pay any indemnity—the standard fine for a private citizen is \$27.50 or more for each fish—and soon applied to the AEC for a license to build a larger plant next door to the first. This plant will be completed next year, and a third one next to the others is scheduled for operation in 1971. When all three units are in operation, they will shoot back 2.1 million gallons of water a minute into the Hudson at a temperature 16° hotter than the river. Con Ed also has plans for a fourth unit near Indian Point, and last spring the company announced it was going to put more nukes at unspoiled Montrose Point two miles south of Indian Point. This came as a surprise to the Catholic Kolping Society, which owns a 52-acre estate there and had no idea of selling, even though the Con Ed blueprint called for this land to serve as the heart of the project. It probably also came as a surprise to Chairman Charles Luce, who, only a month earlier, had written a stockholder that Con Ed could not put another nuke on the river, because it would "heat the waters of the Hudson too much." The Kolping Society has since refused offers from Con Ed to pack up and get out, and Con Ed has threatened to institute condemnation proceedings.

Besides Indian and Montrose Points, other nukes are rumored for this stretch of the Hudson, which would boost the total number to eight or nine, easily the greatest single concentration of plants in the world.

When directors of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association met with Con Ed officials last May to point out that hot-water discharges from proposed nuclear plants would violate state standards for tidal saltwater, Arthur Pearson, a senior engineer for Con Ed, said that the utility was going to get the state to classify the lower Hudson as a freshwater stream. This was apparently too much even for state officials, who now are simply trying to re-jigger temperature standards to benefit all the utilities.

Long Island Sound is also in for a rash of plants. The United Illuminating Company of Bridgeport has a plant at Milstone Point, Conn. that will begin operation in a year, while the Connecticut Yankee nuke at Haddam Neck, 20 miles up the Connecticut River from the Sound, has

been operating since 1967. Last Aug. 8, *The Middletown* (Conn.) *Press* reported that a party of canoeists going down the Connecticut had taken temperatures of 97° near the plant while 1,000 yards upstream the water temperature was only 72°.

The United Illuminating Company plans a huge nuke in Westport, Conn. on wild Cockenoe Island, a short distance offshore from the Westport town beach and the largest public beach in Norwalk. United Illuminating does not even serve the Westport-Norwalk area, and the company was not very illuminating about purchasing the island, keeping its ownership secret for more than a year. Public outcry has induced State Representative Edwin Green of Westport to introduce a bill in the state assembly, which, if passed, will amend the present law and give a town's power of condemnation priority over a utility company's right of eminent domain.

On the other side of the Sound, Long Island Lighting Company is planning two nukes at Shoreham, and the company is also seeking to acquire a site on Lloyd Neck, where a local organization, the Lloyd Harbor Study Group, composed largely of energetic housewives, is ready to do battle. On the western end of the Sound, Con Edison recently acquired David's Island from the city of New Rochelle. Four one-million-kilowatt reactors are to go there with no cooling devices, because, as a Con Ed executive erroneously says, "the water in Long Island Sound is changed daily by tides." The city fathers are immensely proud of the deal because of the tax revenues they claim New Rochelle will reap, but opposition has developed in the form of two new organizations, Citizens for a Second Look and the Long Island Sound Association, which Dom Prone, who fishes for striped bass in both the Hudson and the Sound, helped to organize. The Long Island Sound Association is not only attempting to coordinate all nuclear opposition on the Sound but has joined forces with the Hudson River Fishermen's Association and other groups outside the area, including the Citizens Committee to Save Cayuga Lake in upstate New York.

The Cayuga Lake fight is interesting because it pits a utility, the New York State Electric and Gas Corporation, not against housewives, however energetic they may be, but against a bristling platoon of Cornell faculty. The controversy started last winter when a local paper reported that the utility company was planning to put a nuke to be called the Bell Station on the east shore of Cayuga, 16 miles north of Ithaca. The Bell Station was to be an 830,000-kilowatt plant, and to cool the condenser, the plant would take in and shoot back 750 million gallons of water a day 25° hotter than the bottom temperature of the lake. Dean Arnold, a research fellow in biology at Cornell, called the company to ask for more information, and he was told, "We are not in the habit of discussing our plans with the public." That was enough to fuel indignation at Cornell.

The Citizens Committee to Save Cayuga was formed and responded in a number of ways. Most importantly perhaps, it had 17 Cornell scientists, led by Dr. A. W. Eipper, prepare a paper to state the case against the plant. The paper, "Thermal Pollution of Cayuga Lake by a Proposed Power Plant," points out that Cayuga, like the other

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four Finger Lakes, is very deep and cold. From top to bottom, it is stratified into warm and cold layers during the summer and mixes throughout the winter when it turns over. During the turnover, dissolved oxygen in the upper layer is imparted to the colder bottom layer, and the bottom-dwelling species, such as lake trout, are able to live only because of this once-a-year replenishment of oxygen. The Bell nuke, however, would draw cold water from 100 feet below lake level, heat it and then discharge it at the surface. This would be ecologically disastrous to the life forms naturally acclimated to Cayuga. For one, it would upset the oxygen mixing cycle so that the lake trout would be hard put to survive, and for another it probably would turn Cayuga into a floating salad bowl of weeds and algae. In sucking up water from near the bottom, the plant would ingest nutrients that are inert from lack of sunlight. But spewed out and released into the upper layers, these nutrients—nitrates and phosphates—would become active fertilizers for plant growth. Four towns use the lake for drinking water, and blue-green algae, which imparts a disgusting taste to water, could only be eliminated at great cost. If need be, the committee is preparing to go to court to stop the utility from fouling the lake.

Any court case brought in New York State to prevent a utility from thermally polluting waters is likely to prompt the state itself to appear on the side of the polluter. The present state administration is nuclear happy, more so than any other state in the Union. A resident of Washington State who objects to thermal pollution only has to do battle against a weak state water-pollution agency and the AEC, but a New Yorker is forced to fight both the AEC and the State Atomic and Space Development Authority, a newly created bureaucracy that has so much muscle it makes the AEC look like a 97-pound weakling. This authority came into powerful existence last May when Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, a firm believer in nukes for reasons not yet clear, pushed a bill through the closing session of the state legislature. The governor is an overwhelming figure in the state, not only by virtue of his office, but because he is the major contributor to state election campaigns, and he underwrites individual candidates as well. When Rockefeller says a bill is a must, he gets a quick response. No public hearings were held on the bill; indeed, it was just about impossible for an outsider to find a copy. The bill went through in record time, some legislators have since privately admitted that they did not even bother to read its provisions. Briefly, the bill gives the atomic authority immense powers and specifically charges it with "the maximum development and use of atomic energy. . . ." It is to have enormous sums of money at its command to subsidize both public and private plants. It has the power to condemn any lands in the state. Moreover, the authority is not subject to any of the state public service or conservation laws. In the language of the bill, all such laws are "deemed to be superseded," and should any provision of these laws seem to be in conflict with the authority this provision shall be "deemed to be superseded, modified or repealed as the case may require."

As a result of the power industry's refusal to recognize thermal pollution, a number of persons who were originally willing to live with nuclear power have begun to raise other questions. And with good reason. For instance, David Lilienthal, the first chairman of the AEC, expressed grave reservations in his book, *Change, Hope, and the Bomb*, about the potential hazards posed by nuclear plants. Then there is the Scientists' Institute for Public Information, which has shown serious concern for insufficient safeguards and the emission of pollutants during normal plant operation. SIPI's membership includes some of the most distinguished and respected names in science. The purpose of SIPI, which has its headquarters in Manhattan, is to provide scientific information to the lay citizen who is interested in nuclear energy and environmental contamination. SIPI publishes a magazine, *Scientist and Citizen*, where articles have dealt with the release of various radioactive pollutants such as Krypton 85 and Iodine 131 from nuclear plants, and the effect such emissions may have, say, on the human body. Indeed, the whole frightening problem posed by nuclear plants is succinctly dealt with in a new book, *The Careless Atom*, by Sheldon Novick, associate editor of *Scientist and Citizen*. Last September, several members of SIPI, including Dr. Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University, appeared at a conference at Stratton Mountain, Vt., sponsored by The Conservation Society of Southern Vermont, on the subject of nuclear power and the environment. The Federal Power Commission, the Fish and Wildlife Service and state and local agencies sent representatives to speak at this dispassionate, coolly clinical forum, but the AEC, which had been invited to attend, refused.

All the protests against the nukes have not been without effect on the federal level. Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts plans to reintroduce a bill in the current session of the Senate which would call for a two-year moratorium on nuclear plant construction. During this period, siting studies would be conducted, a thoughtful overall policy made on power requirements and hazards eliminated. Representative Richard Ottinger of New York will introduce a similar measure in the House.

Curiously, the power industry couldn't seem to care less. It's still full steam ahead. A recent article in *Nuclear News*, a trade publication, made a joke out of thermal pollution. A supposed ecologist was quoted as saying, "Who says a shift in wildlife balance is bad? If an accidental 5° rise will kill salmon in the Columbia, why not a 20° rise—on purpose—to create an Amazonlike home for species of greater importance? Angelfish bring far more per pound than salmon. What sportsman would settle for trout when he could catch piranha?"

Quips like this do not prompt laugh-ins by fishermen or other concerned citizens, but it is surprising that in its search for suitable tropical fish to replace salmon *Nuclear News* did not mention the leaf fish (*Monocirchus polyacanthus*), which will eat only living fish and demands seven meals a day. As the late A. J. Liebling wrote more than 30 years ago after observing the leaf fish in the New York Aquarium, "It has a profile like a public utility executive and an appetite to match."

END



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• **Ian Mosbacher**, the famed racing yachtsman and twice a victorious America's Cup skipper, has been named President-elect Richard Nixon's Chief of Protocol. Other sportsmen upon whom Mr. Nixon has called are **Bud Wilkinson** and **David Packard**. Wilkinson, former Oklahoma football coach, broadcaster and head of President Kennedy's Council on Physical Fitness, is to be a special consultant to the President. Packard, the proposed Deputy Secretary of Defense, was a three-sport athlete—football, basketball and track—at Stanford, until a conflict arose with his engineering studies. He obviously retains a fondness for basketball, in particular, having donated \$500,000 to the recently opened Roseme Maple Memorial Basketball Pavilion at his alma mater.



• **Ken Fouts**, who produces televised sports shows for WLW-TV in Cincinnati, was en route to Wichita, Kans. the other day to cover a U of C basketball game. At the St. Louis airport, a baggage handler dropped a piece of Fouts's luggage, which promptly began to emit ominous buzzing noises. Ominous buzzing noises are not acceptable around airports these days, and as no time the immediate authorities and the FBI were gathered around asking for explanations. "It could be my electric razor," Fouts said meekly. It was, and after a 25-minute delay Fouts was permitted to proceed to Wichita. When he got there he bought himself a safety razor.

The Orange Bowl game turned out to be bad news from before the start until well after the finish for Kansas Governor **Robert Docking**. Leaving his hotel for the game, the governor discovered that the state trooper driving him had parked the car illegally, and it had been towed away. The trooper recovered the car and came back to tell Docking and his party, but when the group hit the street for the second time it was to find the car being towed away again: the driver had parked it illegally once more. Then, of course, Kansas lost the game to Penn State, which leaves Docking in

the position of owing Governor **Raymond Shafer** of Pennsylvania one live buffalo, to be personally delivered. If it is any comfort to Docking, Shafer—far from gloating over the winning of his bet—has been quoted as asking plaintively, "What do I do with a live buffalo?"

"You can double the recipe if you wish, but if you make any more than one pound it ceases to be homemade fudge." And who is the author of so pure and austere a culinary statement? **Phil Wrigley**, the same Phil Wrigley who makes chewing gum and smokes on daylight for his Chicago Cubs. To members of the Lake Geneva, Wis. Horticultural Society he is known as a fudgemaker. Fudge made by Mr. Wrigley is ordered well in advance of the Annual Flower and Garden Show in Lake Geneva, and such candy as even gets to the show is ordinarily sold out on the first day. Despite his following, Wrigley is a modest man. His fudge, he says, is a little girly.

For the first time athletes as such have been admitted to the pages of *Who's Who in America*, and the 1969-1970 edition will see listings for **Carl Yastrzemski**, **Bob Gibson**, **Johnny Uetas**, **Mickey Mantle** and **Arnold Palmer**. That will be very nice, but still the athletic whos in *Who's Who* do seem relatively few.

• As Surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital in London has put forward a new explanation for the curious behavior of King **Henry VIII** during his later years. In a recent lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons Dr. Norman Barrett submitted that Henry's problem was not the accumulated strain of all that eating, drinking and marrying. Instead, he may have been a bit muddled from the rigors of his role as one

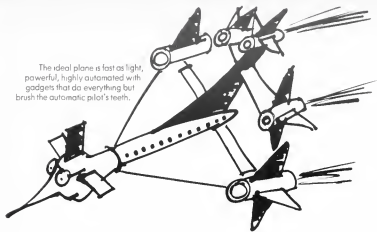
of Europe's leading athletes. He is shown here as an archer, but it was the jousting, Barrett says, that was really hard on him. "The king jousted regularly for 20 years," Dr. Barrett told his audience, "and was hurt a number of times. After an incident at Greenwich in 1536 he changed completely and was never the same again." The moral would appear to be, eat, drink and be merry, but joust not—or, anyhow, not much.

"I thought I'd like to have a cat instead of a dog, for a change," says **Emmette Bryant** of the Celtics, explaining how he happened to mail \$55 to a Miami pet shop for a baby jaguar. Explaining why he accepted \$50 just to get rid of the animal about a month later he said, "The way our schedule is I didn't have time to stay home and train it. Anyway, I don't think I have the disposition, either. When he began to claw and scratch and growl and hiss I said to myself, 'Emmette, sell him quick!'"

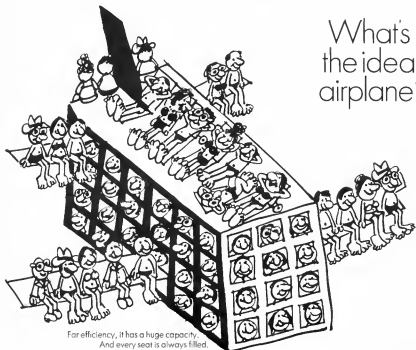


Spring training is not too far off now, and the city of Scottsdale, Ariz. is going to have to get busy and move that female out of **Leo Durocher's** personal shower. The female (she shall remain nameless out of delicacy, but because the *his* name) is a duck. For two years

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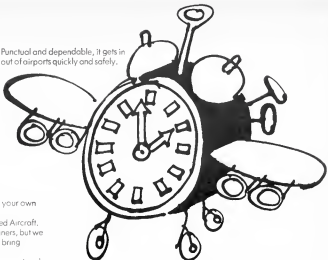


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DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN



I frequently receive letters from readers requesting advice on how to play a particular shot, and often the problem shot turns out to be a familiar one: the ball is on a downhill slope about 50 yards from the green. Should it now be run down onto the green, or should a pitch shot be hit that lands on the green? The answer is simple. Always hit the pitch shot. The fact that the lie is downhill should not make you abandon your normal shot for such a distance. But you should make a few adjustments in the swing. Using the wedge, take an open stance and open the club face to compensate for the downhill lie. Place most of your weight on the left side. This prevents a fluffy shot that will not carry to the green. Now make sure the ball is back at least halfway in your stance, not forward (*below*). Hit hard through the ball with your right hand. This puts a maximum amount of spin on the ball, which helps it stop quickly after landing on the green. Incidentally, if you have golfing questions that you would like to have answered, write to me in care of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



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Rheinhold Keyblanch is shown here with MONY man Curt Thiele.

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“Curt’s insurance plan also helped see that I could get some income if I was disabled and couldn’t work. That certainly came in handy a couple of times when I got hurt.”

“Now we have new responsibilities. A son, Andreas, and a new home with a mortgage, and I’ve been talking to Curt about getting additional life insurance. Which, I guess, shows how much I think of Curt, his service, and his company, MONY.”

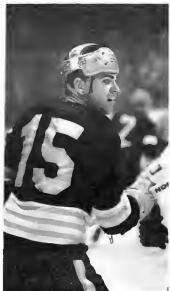
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Found—a native who outplays the imports

In Boston College's Tim Sheehy the U.S. finally has the top man in a Canadian-dominated sport



SHEEHY SWINGS INTO ACTION FOR BC

At last the best college hockey player in the U.S. is an American—a native and not another over-aged Canadian from Flin Flon, Man., or Kapuskasing, Ont. Tim Sheehy, who centers the first line for Boston College, was born and raised way up there in International Falls, Minn., an icebox (it warmed up Christmas morning to only 35° below) overlooking the Rainy River and Fort Francis, Ont. Unlike the majority of his collegiate rivals, Sheehy did not leave home when he was 13 to play junior hockey against the Bobby Orrs and the Jacques Lemaures. Instead he remained around the Falls, shoveled snow and led his high school team to 58 straight victories and three successive state championships.

When Sheehy was graduated from high school in 1986, he was confronted with the most difficult decision of his young life. He could 1) sign a contract with the Detroit Red Wings to play Junior A hockey with their affiliate in Hamilton, Ont.; 2) work for a year and then play for the U.S. Olympic hockey team at Grenoble; or 3) accept a full scholarship from any of the more than two dozen hockey-playing colleges actively trying to recruit him.

"I really wanted to go to Hamilton for one year, just to see how well I could do against the Canadian players," Sheehy said last week. "But when I looked into the situation there were too many obvious problems. For instance, if I had got hurt playing in Hamilton, I would have lost any chance for a college scholarship. There are nine children in my family and I needed a scholarship. Otherwise I could not go to school. I also had to think about the military situation. If I went to Hamilton or waited for the Olympics, I would have been draft bait. Hup, two, three, four. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a protester or a draft-card burner or anything like that. In fact, someday I hope to be a pilot in the Air Force or the Navy. But I did not want to expose myself to the draft at age 17. The Olympics? Well, I figured I could play in 1972."

So Sheehy slowly began to process the list of scholarship offers. Notre Dame was ready to launch hockey as a major sport and wanted Tim to be its first hockey All-America. "Their program was not quite ready," Sheehy said, "and I couldn't wait for them." He eliminated the University of Minnesota, deciding

that Minneapolis was 300 miles too close to International Falls. "I really wanted to get away," he said. Finally the choice rested between the University of Denver, some 1,000 miles to the West, and Boston College, 1,500 miles to the East.

BC had one major advantage throughout the long weeks of decision. The Sheehy family is devoutly Catholic, and Tim's parents wanted him to attend a Catholic college. Boston College plays the toughest hockey schedule of any Catholic school in the country. BC also had developed another edge. Coach John (Snooks) Kelley, a man of Irish charm, who used it on the Sheehy family one weekend in International Falls.

In his 33 years at Boston College, Kelley has won 450 games, but he has always been a maverick. Unlike his confreres, Kelley refuses to recruit Canadian players. No Canadian import ever has played at BC. Cornell, Clarkson, St. Lawrence, Michigan Tech, North Dakota, Denver and the other top hockey schools rarely play American skaters.

Nevertheless, Kelley has had only two losing seasons, and BC always is one of the best teams in the East. "I'm not anti-Canadian, don't get that idea," Kelley says. "It's just that I think the American kid can play hockey just as well as the Canadian boy if he gets the chance. And I'll be around to give it to him. I want to play the kid who used to make sodas down at the drugstore and who caddies during the summer. His kind has proved to me it can play hockey with the best."

"I had been out of New England a few times to talk to kids in upstate New York, but the trip to Minnesota was the first time I ever needed a plane to visit a hockey player."

Tim and his father drove Snooks down the main street in International Falls to a service station. "There was a big arrow over it that read, 'This Is Bronko's,'" Kelley recalled. "Tim's father beeped the horn and out came this big monster of a man. Bronko Nagurski is Timmy's uncle. He came over to me and stuck out his hand and said, 'How are you, Kel?' We talked about football, and I told him that I thought he and Jim Thorpe were the two greatest fullbacks that ever lived. He said to me, 'Kel, I agree.' When we were ready to leave, he told me, 'Kel, don't worry, you'll get Timmy.'"

It did not take Sheehy long to es-

continued



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establish himself as a potential superstar. He scored 28 goals in 21 games during his freshman season. Last year as a sophomore he scored 27 goals and helped skate BC to the No. 2 rating in the East—right behind the all-Canadian sextet that Ned Harkness recruits for Cornell every year. This season BC again is trailing Cornell's Canadians in the race for No. 1 in the East. So far Boston College has lost three times and Cornell only once. Cornell was upset by RPI early in December, one of BC's losses was to Cornell. The teams meet again this month at BC's McHugh Forum.

"We know we can beat Cornell," Sheehy says. "We had them in that first game, then we quit. We'll be alive for 60 minutes the next time."

Unlike many young Americans who skate poorly, check poorly and concern themselves only with shooting the puck and trying to score goals, Sheehy combines all the basic elements of the sound hockey player. He is a strong, smooth skater capable of bursts of sheer bril-

liance. He is a superior checker and an adroit playmaker. He shoots as hard and as accurately as any collegian, and he is deadly when in on a goalie all alone.

Unfortunately, too many American spectators do not appreciate the art of hockey as practiced by Sheehy. Bill Cleary, the former Harvard and U.S. Olympic hockey player, watches Sheehy with an expert's eye, however, and applauds his style of play. "I think other people expect him to score a goal every time he gets the puck," Cleary says. "They just don't see all the things he does that other players never even think of."

Sheehy was at his best earlier in the season in the third period of a game against Cleary's alma mater, Harvard. BC and Harvard both were undefeated, BC goalie George McPhee was having a bad night and midway through the final period Harvard led 5-3 as BC drew a penalty. Snooks Kelley sent Sheehy out to kill it. Tim won a face-off just inside his own blue line, skated up the right side, stickhandling past two Harvard players,

and then approached the defenseman. He faked one defender inside, pushed the puck between his legs, collected it again, took another stride and flicked a 30-foot shot just under the near-side crossbar. BC now trailed only 5-4.

In the final minute of play Kelley pulled McPhee from the goal. There was a face-off to the right of the Harvard goaltender. Sheehy won it, naturally, and moved into the corner. He stickhandled, waiting for a linemate, Paul Schilling, to position himself in front. With the clock ticking away, Sheehy snapped a pass along the ice to Schilling, who was about 15 feet in front of the net. Schilling fired instantly—and the Harvard goalie never saw the puck. The game went into overtime, and BC won 6-5.

Two thousand men of Harvard started to file out of Watson Rink in Cambridge. One Harvardian, with a raccoon coat over his turtle-neck sweater, turned to another and shook his head.

"Are you sure that Sheehy is not a Canadian?" he asked. **END**

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GOODYEAR ALL OTHERS

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NASCAR GT	16	2
USAC CHAMPIONSHIP	15	9
FORMULA #1	4	9
USAC STOCK CAR	16	1
SCCA PRO FORMULA	8	0
TRANS-AM SEDAN	12	1
CAN-AMERICAN	5	1
USRRC	9	0
TOTAL	124	31

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7 Denis Hulme, winner of the 1968 Can-Am Championship.

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10 Benny Parsons, winner of the 1968 ARCA Championship

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1

2

3

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8



ERIC SCHWENK

WARTS, LOVE AND DREAMS IN BUFFALO

*Rejected by major league baseball
and hockey, terrified that its Bills
might blow, grubby, sports-loving
Buffalo nourishes a flame of hope*

BY BROCK YATES



In this day of high-powered flackery precious few challenges remain in the business of image-making. Press agents and P.R. types have managed to turn the Greek junta into Plato's *Republic* and the Hell's Angels into a collection of raffish fun lovers, so what's left? One could set out to get Madame Nhu named Mother of the Year or Papa Doc Duvalier the Nobel Peace Prize or Spike Jones a Grammy, but otherwise the possibilities are limited.

Unless, of course, you consider that one hard-nut case—the Siberia and Lower Slobovia of public relations—Buffalo. You remember Buffalo, the place where vaudeville hoofers used to shuffle off to, that soot-shrouded, snowbound Murmansk of North America, hunkered down against the murderous wind blasts off Lake Erie. Buffalo presents such an image of unpleasantness to the world that even its residents have come to believe that they live in sort of a condensation of all that is nasty and foul in big industrial cities—as if three Trenton, New Jerseys and two Gary, Indanas had been spread over the landscape of western New York.

A few of the citizens of Buffalo (pronounced locally as "Buff-low") protest, but most have given up trying to de-

continued

*Waterlogged War Memorial Stadium, home
of the Bills, may yield to plush domed facility.*

fend their town. They accept the taunts and barbs with a kind of stoic withdrawal. They keep silent as local disc jockeys make constant reference to "Lake Dreary" and warn them that an aerial photograph taken of Buffalo might be confused with a closeup of an airport. Comparing Buffalo to various bits of anatomy is something of a tradition, which probably inspired San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Glenn Dickey to write recently, "Buffalo is known as the airport of the East, although that seems to be an unnecessarily limited title. I've seen nothing elsewhere to indicate it has any challenges for national honors." Dickey, who accompanied the Oakland Raiders to Buffalo when the AFL champions beat a particularly lame edition of the beloved home-town Bills 48-6, added, "Women are still wearing skirts below the knees, and men are wearing wide-lapel jackets. It's like watching a 1948 movie."

"The weird part about it," says Stan Roberts, one of Buffalo's most popular disc jockeys, "is that half my listeners agreed with Dickey. They've become so used to hearing Buffalo put down that they believe it themselves. I've been here five years and I think the town has a lot to offer, but this city is full of blue-collar working guys who don't travel a great deal and don't realize there are a hundred cities in the country that are worse than Buffalo, by far. I'll give you an example: the people in this town live and die with the Bills. When the team won the AFL championship two years in a row, it was like they were on a trip. There was a Walter Mitty atmosphere here that was wild. But now that injuries and age have dropped the Bills to the bottom, they think things have returned to normal—that this is the kind of team they deserve."

Buffalonians have a certain right to torpor in the area of civic boosterism. Their city is hard to love. It is dominated by heavy industry: steel mills, refineries, auto assembly plants and chemical businesses that rely on the cheap power generated in nearby Niagara Falls. This brand of commerce is by nature housed in dirty, slab-sided factories that

negate whatever natural lakeside beauty Buffalo might claim. Add to this a long, dark winter and a populace of brawny, blunt, conservative second- and third-generation Polish, German, Italian and Irish workmen, whose taste for civic beauty is at best muted, and you have the elements of a dozen grimy Northeastern industrial cities.

A drive down one of Buffalo's streets arouses suspicion of a mysterious covenant between an asphalt siding cartel and the world's architecture-school dropouts. Aside from a few new buildings in the downtown area (a library, a magnificent bank building, an ultramodern shopping and office complex and a burlesque house), Buffalo is a vast collection of yellow brick warehouses, factories, used-car lots, bowling alleys and stolid, boxy residences with front porches, punctuated by corner taverns where men gather to talk sports, consume draft beer and munch on a favorite local staple, cold beef in kaiserweek rolls, known simply as "beef on weck." The blue-collar men who populate the city fit the mold of William Graham Sumner's original forgotten man: the middling white man who works hard, pays taxes, likes sports more than ideas and finds the modern world bewildering.

If their frustration over the "Queen City of the Lakes" (as a few notably square boosters persist in calling Buffalo) can be given a focal point, it is the humiliating rejection the town has suffered in its quest for major league status. In the past three years Buffalo has mounted massive campaigns to gain entrance to the National Hockey League and to National League baseball, only to be turned down in favor of seemingly less-qualified locations. Prior to that, Buffalo bet on a loser by becoming part of the stillborn Continental Baseball League. What's more, Buffalo has not received more than a snuff of interest from pro basketball since the unlamented National League Bisons played 12 games there in 1946-47 before beginning an exodus in which they became the St. Louis Hawks. The latest chapter in Buffalo's dismal epic of sports misfortunes involves the genuine danger that its only major league

representative, the much-loved Bills, may skip town in a dispute over a new stadium. In Buffalo that would be tantamount to turning off the water supply and might move the generally law-abiding citizenry to open rebellion.

The situation may become critical if Bills Owner Ralph Wilson Jr. carries out his intention of drafting USC superstar O. J. Simpson on Jan. 28. O.J. says he prefers to play on the Coast (and in the NFL), so the Bills might have to go to him. Should they depart to other realms (Seattle is a possible destination) with O.J. in hand, the local government's most prudent option would be to call out the National Guard and then flee to Canada.

Buffalo's role as the odd man out in sport probably began in 1949, when the All-America Conference was amalgamated with the National Football League, thereby ending the World War I of professional football. Buffalo, with Cleveland and San Francisco, had one of the three moneymaking franchises in the AAC, and the locals presumed their Bills would automatically be among the trio of cities accepted into the NFL. But, in a move the memory of which still causes old Buffalo sports fans' eyes to glaze with anger, the third NFL franchise was awarded to Baltimore, not Buffalo.

Once the old Bills left town, Buffalo turned inward, quenching its thirst for sport with its International League baseball team (a franchise that was one of the strongest in the minor leagues), its American Hockey League entrant and the unrelenting Little Three basketball rivalry between home-town Canisius and nearby St. Bonaventure and Niagara. Saturday night standing-room-only crowds elbow their way into the grim, lakeside fortress known as Memorial Auditorium to scream for Canisius and return on Sundays for the hockey Bisons. They would be difficult to lure back for pro basketball, as the promoters know.

Nevertheless, the fever for big-league status has reached epidemic proportions in Buffalo, and the repeated rejections by the national sports establishment have had a depressing effect on the city's psyche. Claiming a population with a 25-

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to 50-mile radius exceeding both Minneapolis-St. Paul and Houston, Buffalonians cannot fathom why presumably profit-motivated businessmen are not interested in mining some of the wealth that exists in an area ranking 17th nationally in effective buying power.

While sports supporters promise untold riches for the first baseball or hockey team to arrive in town, they admit that Buffalo is blighted by three compelling, if inaccurate, prejudices: 1) that the city will not support a loser, 2) that Buffalo has two seasons, winter and the Fourth of July, and 3) that Buffalo is the national capital of "bush."

Although part of the populace seems to find some obscure, masochistic satisfaction in demeaning their city (Dickie remarked in his column, "This is a town that seems to take pride in its ugliness"), a group of wealthy civic leaders has launched an ambitious enterprise to bring major league sports to Buffalo and at the same time to dispel the feeling that the place is a subarctic slum. The leaders of the group are a pair of brothers in the blue-blooded Knox family, a landed clan representing the elite Eastern establishment, which has made an indelible impression on Buffalo's philanthropic and social life. They are Seymour H. Knox III, suave and lean, and his younger brother Northrup (Norty), a balking, bright-eyed athlete with impeccable credentials in polo, squash and court tennis. He is the court tennis world champion and a former captain of the U.S. polo team.

The Knox brothers, looking as if they had been corjured up by John O'Hara, recently sat at a quiet lunch in Buffalo's elegant Sturn Club and reflected on the adventures that had taken them from the cloistered competition carried on at gentlemen's clubs and polo fields and into the crass world of big-league sport. Outside, the traffic whispered along stylish, rainswept Delaware Avenue, and for a moment the other Buffalo, the Buffalo of the corner saloons and the steel mills, seemed light-years away.

"I played hockey at Yale and have always loved the sport," said Norty. "Although Seymour broke his leg at prep

school and didn't play in college. His sport is squash. But like myself he has always felt that there was a tremendous potential for major league hockey in Buffalo."

"We heard that the National Hockey League was going to expand in September of 1965," said Seymour, "and, after Norty and I had discussed it for awhile, we realized that we knew many of the key people in the NHL. We gathered up the necessary support and made formal application for a franchise a month later."

With the Knox brothers carrying the pack, Buffalo was playing from great strength. Representatives of the family that helped found the world-famous Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo—a citadel of contemporary painting and sculpture—they marshaled supporters willing to spend as much as \$3 million on Buffalo hockey plus some persuasive demographics to buttress their request: Buffalo's television market ranks in the top 15 in the United States, and, when the hockey-mad province of Ontario, lying just across the Niagara River, is taken into consideration, the population within 75 miles is 5.5 million people. This Canadian factor was particularly important, the Knoxes felt, because the Toronto Maple Leafs have played to full houses from sometime shortly after Henry Hudson discovered his bay.

Along with this strong market prospectus the city of Buffalo promised a refurbishing of the Memorial Auditorium that would increase its seating capacity to 16,000. It looked great, all bound up in a slick-paper brochure published expressly for the NHL bosses, and Buffalonians permitted themselves a moment of optimism.

What no one realized was that powerful opposition was being arrayed against Buffalo. The Knoxes are much too gentlemanly to point fingers, but less prudent partisans of the cause lay the blame for Buffalo's failure at the feet of the late Jim Norris, the paterfamilias of big-league hockey until his death, plus the owners of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Norris, they say, was against Buffalo from the start, having developed a dis-

like for the city when he encountered business troubles with some grain elevators there and because of his opinions about its "bush" status. Furthermore, Norris also owned the Arena in St. Louis, a city that awoke one morning in February 1966 to discover that it had been granted an NHL franchise, despite the fact that no one in town had bothered to apply for it. It is that franchise the Knox group feels Buffalo deserved. However, Norris' interest in placing it in St. Louis—added to the Toronto owners' fear of Buffalo's three powerful television stations—apparently was decisive. Exit Buffalo from consideration by the National Hockey League.

In spite of this rebuff the Knox brothers remain convinced that major league hockey will come to Buffalo. "Buffalo is simply too strong a market for the NHL to ignore," says Seymour Knox. "When the next chance comes up, we will make another application, and this time the situation will be different."

The "situation" he refers to is Mr. Norris' departure from the scene and the relative loss of influence in the NHL councils of the Maple Leaf ownership. "The last time Toronto had one vote in six; next time they'll only have one vote in 12," says Norty Knox.

That vote could be forthcoming as soon as January 21—date of the next NHL governors' meeting—thanks to recent "highly delicate" negotiations by the Knoxes to acquire the Oakland Seals. Seymour Knox said last week his group had contracted to transfer the Seals to Buffalo after this season—subject, of course, to the NHL's approval.

The original foray into big-time hockey created an organization that spearheaded an assault on major league baseball. The nucleus of the group became Major League of Buffalo, Inc. This body embarked upon a frustrating, eight-month campaign to enter the National League—a misadventure that left Buffalonians bluer than ever. "It's like recalling a nightmare," says Robert Swados, a Buffalo tax and corporate lawyer who had documented the city's case. Swados, a spare, scholarly type who resembles a good-humored Hyman Rikover, has

continued

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been secretary-treasurer of the Bisons' baseball club and a member of the executive committee of the hockey Bisons. This experience led to his becoming a key member of the Knox-led effort to crack the NHL and then plunged him into the baseball fight. The baseball moguls agreed that Swados' presentation was flawlessly prepared. "In fact, it was the best and most comprehensive I have ever studied," wrote one executive. However, Swados' thoroughness in gathering facts did not prevent the two new franchises from being granted to San Diego and Montreal.

"I'll never understand why," he says. "I can only conclude that the National League owners simply didn't want Buffalo in the league at that particular time and rejected us on completely subjective grounds. What baffles me is that we were the only city to totally meet their requirements. We had the money ready—\$10 million for the franchise plus another \$2.5 million for operating costs—in the bank. And Erie County had appropriated \$50 million to build a domed stadium. And they still turned us down. What really frustrates me is that one franchise went to Montreal—a city that had neither the money nor any guarantees for building a domed stadium.

"We thought we were in. I polished up an acceptance speech, and then we waited. When Walter O'Malley announced that San Diego and Montreal had been selected as the expansion cities, I was dumbfounded—I couldn't believe my ears. The meeting went on, and then the representatives of the cities not accepted—Dallas-Fort Worth, Milwaukee and ourselves—were asked to make statements. I got up and thanked the owners and expressed a hope that we had made some friends for Buffalo. What else could I say?"

"Swados and the group from Buffalo did a great job," says one Buffalonian familiar with the sports situation, "but they were too honest, too aboveboard. They didn't realize the National League is run more like a club than a business, and if you want in you've got to play a very tough game of politics."

"I hate to say it, but Buffalo's image

probably hurt us in the long run," admits Swados. "Since it is partly a social thing to own a baseball team, a lot of the owners like to visit the cities in which their teams play. It's possible that a number of them simply didn't want to visit Buffalo. I'm sure our image didn't help us."

The city's shock and outrage was echoed by the area's biggest and richest newspaper, the *Buffalo Evening News*, a grave, gray journal that chronicles the Niagara Frontier with a plodding thoroughness brightened only by a fiercely chauvinistic sports staff. Volley after volley thundered out of the pages of the *News* at the National League hierarchy. Then, slowly, the paper's fury subsided, and an editorial writer was left to reflect, "So here we are, all dressed up in our new stadium plans, ready and eager for our biggest league sports venture in modern times, and now we're told to unlash and forget it."

The Erie County legislature, which represents the metropolitan area of which Buffalo is a part, had in fact "dressed up" the town in stadium plans—passed by a giddy, bipartisan 19-1 vote when the baseball franchise appeared to be a sure thing. If a domed stadium were guaranteed. But suddenly baseball was lost, and the legislators lapsed into an argument over where to locate the new stadium—despite prodding by the *News*, its smaller rival, the morning *Courier-Express*, and by Ralph Wilson, owner of the beloved Bills.

Wilson's Bills are an institution in Buffalo. Ever since they came out in 1960 as debutants in that feeble collection of franchises known as the American Football League, the Bills have done very little wrong in the eyes of their adoring fans. To be sure, they have been booed at times—but only as a demanding father might cuff a good son for occasional transgressions. Despite their reputation for unruliness, the fans have been impressively consistent in supporting the Bills—and, until recently, the team's owner.

Wilson, a Detroit sportsman whose family owns a giant fleet of trucks used to transport new automobiles around the

nation, at first planned to locate his new AFL franchise in Miami, but a snag over use of the Orange Bowl sent him looking elsewhere. Wilson scouted Buffalo and liked what he saw, not least because his tour escort was the dynamic executive editor of the *Evening News*, Paul Neville. A prototype of the clear-eyed, jet-jawed, tough-talking, cigar-chomping professional newspaperman, Neville has been doing his best to prod Buffalo into action since his arrival from South Bend years ago. Neville is a full-blown sports fan, complete with a Notre Dame diploma, a fierce Irish pride and a compulsion to get big-league status for his adopted city. Wilson agreed to stay for a minimum of three years, provided a lease could be arranged for the use of a crumbling concrete WPA project known as War Memorial Stadium. The lease was signed, and Wilson's Bills moved into their new home—an arena that looked as if whatever war it was a memorial to had been fought within its confines.

Buffalo being a hard-nosed town that measures the excellence of football on the basis of skull-cracking blocks and tackles—not cute, gazellelike runners and passers—Wilson wisely hired a pair of rugged coaches during the early years. Both Buster Ramsey and Lou Saban, the latter the man who brought the team their championships, were exponents of a bruising, fundamentalist brand of football based on simple offenses and gritty, unyielding defenses. Buffalo loved the Bills that way, and by 1964 they were showing a profit.

The AFL title went to the Bills in 1964 and 1965. Kansas City beat them in the 1966 championship game. From there the team's fortunes began a nose dive that has not yet ended. It was triggered when Saban resigned and was replaced by a closemouthed, thoughtful assistant named Joe Collier. His style, which differed so radically from that of the tough extroverts who preceded him, never caught on with the Bills' followers. Then Collier made a fatal mistake by trading backup Hero-Quarterback Darryl Lamont to Oakland, where he immediately blossomed into an All-League superstar. Moreover, the Bills' *continued*



City leaders Sam Snow (left) and Norm Hargrave are determined to have NFL hockey.



Bills' owner Ralph Wilson (left) and Edna Paul (right) want stadium. Neville wants action.



Lawyer Robert Roberts prepared brilliant case for baseball, only to be coldly rebuffed.

regular quarterback, Jack Kemp, who had led them to their two titles, was injured and was lost to the team for the entire 1968 season.

"This town is 62% Catholic," says Jack Horrigan, the Bills' public-relations man, "so you can imagine how popular a good-looking young quarterback from Notre Dame would be. Half the fans were convinced that Lamonia was better than Kemp and, of course, as soon as Jack would have a bad day, they'd start to scream for Daryle." Obviously bugged down behind the posed, established Kemp, Lamonia—unknown to his fans—was delighted to leave Buffalo. As a starter with a different team and relieved of several personal problems that had troubled him in Buffalo, he quickly reached his potential.

Blighted by bad luck, an epidemic of injuries and advancing years in some key players, the Bills won only four games in 1967, and this season, of course, managed only one victory, a home-town upset over the despised New York Jets and their white-shoed, twinkle-toed quarterback, Joe Namath—the kind of player Buffalonians would struggle eight miles through a blizzard to see mugged up. Collier was fired early in the 1968 season, but his departure did little to revive the team. Nevertheless, Buffalo gamely continued to back the Bills.

"They say Buffalo won't support a loser," muses Horrigan. "That may or may not be true, but I think the fans have been quite loyal when the awful condition of the stadium is considered."

In truth the place is a nightmare in steel and concrete. Most of its 45,000 seats are either located in the two end zones or cunningly hidden behind rows of roof gardens that give one the impression of watching the field through a picket fence. Moreover, it is situated in the heart of Buffalo's substantial ghetto, an area that was racked by riots in 1967. Parking is scarce and, once inside, one must be equipped with iron kidneys, because somebody forgot to build enough rest rooms. "You have to train to go to a Bills game," says Stan Roberts. "When you take guests, you feel stupid warning them

to go to the bathroom before leaving."

A dearth of bathrooms and bad seats can be tolerated but not the prospect of no pro team at all. When the NFL and the AFL merge in 1970, each of the member cities must be able to provide a stadium with at least 50,000 seats. Faced with this demand, Ralph Wilson has made it clear that he cannot, and will not, operate in War Memorial Stadium. When he signed his last three-year lease with the city, he was assured that construction would begin on a new 55,000- to 65,000-seat stadium before 1969. Time is running out on that agreement, and Wilson is becoming more vocal in his demands. The county legislature is hung up on the question of where to erect the new domed stadium, which it has already approved.

"When he had a winning team, Ralph was a hero, but now that he's demanding action on a new stadium, the town thinks he's holding a gun to their heads," says Horrigan.

"I suppose a certain number of Buffalonians are angry at me because I've taken sides in an issue they feel should be debated locally," says Wilson himself, seated in an opulent, glass-walled office overlooking the Detroit River. He is a big, thick-shouldered man with a heavy, rather brooding face that conceals an easygoing manner graced with wit and candor. He leans back and gazes out the window on a bearing toward Buffalo, roughly 250 miles to the east across icebound, polluted Lake Erie. "I've warned the city that work must commence on a new stadium of some kind before the end of 1969 or else I'll be forced to move the team elsewhere. That position relates to an agreement the city made with me when I signed the last three-year lease for War Memorial Stadium."

A man who maintains a large stable of racehorses and has owned a share of the Detroit Lions (with his father) plus a piece of the collapsed Detroit soccer franchise, Wilson is not given to dilettantish dabbling in sports. His AFL team is a profitable enterprise, and he means to keep it that way, even if it means moving to the Yukon. "Buffalo

is an excellent sports town, like all major Great Lakes cities, and I don't regret for a minute having located the Bills there, but now they've got to move ahead, develop for the future."

While acknowledging Buffalo's image problem, Wilson firmly denies that it is that bad. "Buffalonians will support a loser as well as any city, and our attendance the past two years has proved it. Despite a losing 1967 season we sold 22,000 season tickets this year, and I'd expect sales to go as high as 45,000 with a new stadium. The city's weather is no worse than a number of other big-league towns, although it does get a lot of snow after the 15th of November when it doesn't really matter."

Sitting there in Detroit, Wilson symbolized another Buffalo dilemma. "There are very few home-owned industries in Buffalo, and that causes a number of problems. It reduces the number of key local people who can rally big area businesses to the support of sports enterprises and it reduces the number of men who might be traveling around the country selling Buffalo on a national scale."

Despite his awareness of Buffalo's shortcomings, Wilson makes it perfectly clear that he intends to keep the Bills in town if he possibly can. But that means the implementation of a new stadium, and the dirt must begin to fly soon if Wilson and his team are to be kept around. "The present talk centers around a domed stadium, but I've questioned whether a facility of that type might not be too expensive for Buffalo. We've recommended a 'Spartan-type' stadium of about 70,000 seats that would cost around \$20 million. However, if they want to build a domed stadium, it's fine by me, although I feel parking and access is critical. I'll tell you one thing, if Buffalo decides to build a domed stadium it'll put that city on the map for the next hundred years."

There is also a man who might put Buffalo on the map for 100 years—if one accepts his football achievements at face value. That man is, of course, O. J. Simpson, and Wilson would settle for a mere decade of Simpson-style service.

"He's an extremely high-grade young man, most personable, and I think he'll upgrade our entire organization," Wilson said last week. "We've made no final decision but at this point we plan to draft him. I've had some informal conversations with him and I don't see any serious barriers that will prevent him from playing for the Bills."

"I'll tell you this: if we draft him, we'll play him. I have no intention of trading him for six or seven other players that'll be forgotten in a year. I've been through that quality for quantity business before."

Despite statements in the press that O. J. will not demean himself by laboring for the Bills and will consent to play only in an area of his choice, Wilson is confident that he can be fitted to a blue and white Buffalo uniform. "Listen, every one of the 400 kids drafted by the pros each year wants to play for a specific team, but very few of them get their first choice. O. J. is in the same position, basically, and I think he'll adjust without any problems."

It is possible that the stark prospect of the Bills skipping off to Seattle or somewhere after O. J. was signed might move the politicians to action. Dreams of being pursued by droves of furious steelworkers are enough to strike terror into the heart of the most courageous Erie County legislator and might provide the proper motivation for action on the stagnated stadium issue.

Exponents of a downtown location feel the new stadium would be a major component of a convention complex that would include hotels, restaurants and an exhibition hall. Their opponents argue the high cost of land, potential transportation congestion and harsh lakeside winds, which make a downtown site less favorable than the accessible, wide-open spaces of suburban Amherst. So the legislature sits fiddling its \$50 million, trying to decide where to spend it.

While the politicians grapple, the city becomes more and more impatient. The *Buffalo Evening News* supports the suburban location, the rival *Courier-Express* stands behind the downtown plan. Both agree that Buffalo's sports future rests

(continued)

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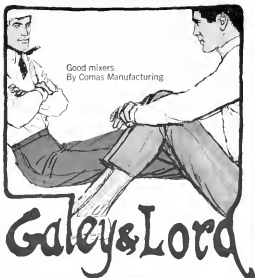
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BUFFALO *continued*

on a new stadium—domed, undomed, downtown or in the country. A *New* editorial recently warned, "A community that cannot support major league sport in big-league fashion is relegated to second city status, inevitably."

Earlier this month the legislature made its first move off dead center by voting to permit a private investment group, the Kenford Company, to investigate the site situation and recommend a stadium location by mid-February. A number of Buffalonians believe Kenford will prompt the county to set up operation of the stadium (in a suburban location) in a fashion similar to the Houston Astrozone. This would mean Kenford would lease and operate the stadium, while its rental payments would serve to retire the county's bond issue. Provided no snags develop, the odds are highly favorable that Buffalo's domed stadium will be built in this manner.

But move it must, or Buffalo will find itself forever branded as a city of bush-leaguers, bad losers and intolerable weather. It is likely that Buffalo is none of these things, but the dismal fate it presents to the world neatly conceals its virtues. And they will probably remain concealed until a spectacular venture like a domed stadium can be executed.

Despite its industrial ugliness Buffalo heartily supports the Albright-Knox gallery, an excellent zoo and the lively Studio Arena Theater. Additionally, the massive infusion of new money, ideas and personalities brought by the state university, which will enroll 40,000 students by 1970 and become one of the largest educational complexes in the world, is rattling the stodgy, huddlebound elements of the city to their very foundations. Buffalo will surely change—as all the Eastern industrial cities that have been permitted to decay must change—but this in no way should alter its great appetite for sport.

Like the Buffalonian said as he ordered up another 15¢ beer, "One by one we ain't very pretty but, when 60,000 of us get sittin' inside that new domed stadium, some of them so-called big-leaguers are gonna think we're damned beautiful."

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (10-2)
2. VILLANOVA (10-1)
3. COLUMBIA (11-1)

Howard Porter of Villanova, emerging as the finest sophomore in the East, was almost too good for his team's good. The 6'8" center scored 36 points and pulled down 26 rebounds in an 87-62 victory over St. Joseph's, but in snaring one of those rebounds his flailing elbow struck teammate Johnny Jones, breaking his glasses, cutting his face and sidelining him for most of the last half. It was, in so many fighting words, a typical Big Five wing-out. The mascots had to be separated after the St. Joseph's Hawk knocked the head off the Villanova Wildcat and then overpowered the Wildcat whipped him with his tail.

Zone defenses, fast becoming the trend across the country, helped contain high-scoring Calvin Murphy of Niagara. Murphy, who began the week with a 38-point average, was forced into the middle by a 2-1-2 zone used by Canisius and scored only 16 points. That was good enough to carry Canisius to a 70-60 upset. Villanova also zoned Murphy and double-teamed him when he got the ball. Murphy got 26 points, but Porter had 23 before being hurt, and the Wildcats had a 73-68 win.

Providence destroyed the zone the best way possible as Jim Larranaga and Vic Colucci scored from long range to defeat St. Bonaventure 70-59. The Bonnies came back to beat St. Francis 88-65, but Providence lost its next game to Boston College 90-84.

A strong second half enabled St. John's to defeat Seton Hall 66-45 despite 34 points by Mel Knight. The Pirates later ended a five-game losing streak by overcoming Army's usually fine defense, scoring on 66% of their shots for an 81-66 victory.

Injured Ken Durrett of La Salle, described as definitely out, proved very much in. He scored 46 points as the Explorers beat Creighton 103-84 and Syracuse 83-63. Another hot shooter from Philadelphia was Temple's Joe Cromer, who had 35 points in a 107-83 rout of Penn. "I didn't shoot like Joe Cromer, I shot out of my mind," said Cromer, who spent a week last year in a basketball camp run by Penn Coach Dick Harter. Duquesne stopped Creighton 66-59.

Columbia climbed atop the Ivy League with a 4-0 record after beating Yale 71-49, and Brown, which led until the final minute and a half, 52-52. Princeton and Penn both beat Dartmouth and Harvard.

After 10 straight losses Connecticut surprised Syracuse 103-84 and, despite John

Fultz's 46 points, Rhode Island 102-92. Holy Cross, which beat Rhode Island 82-61, was upset by Fordham 61-59 when Bill Maamor sank a jump shot with two seconds left.

MIDWEST

1. KANSAS (13-2)
2. NOTRE DAME (10-2)
3. PURDUE (9-2)

Riverboat gamblers had nothing on Missouri players, who, trailing Kansas 46-45 with 2:48 left, held the ball and prepared for one last shot. With seven seconds to go, Theo Franks hit on a 20-footer, and the gamblers Tigers won. Setting up the win was a defense that converged on Ove Robrich of the Jayhawks each time he got the ball and held him to six points. With Kansas being sideways, Colorado and Kansas State shared the Big Eight lead. Gordon Tople of the Buffaloes shot over Iowa State's zone for 23 points in a 68-67 victory. Then they beat Oklahoma State 78-68 as they hit on 59% of their shots. Kansas State also shot 59% as it breezed past Nebraska 93-72 and then sank 10 of its first 15 shots to beat Oklahoma 87-62.

Upstart Tulsa, with Bobby Smith pouring in 32 points, beat Drake 86-78 and took command in the Missouri Valley Conference. Drake, which had beaten Wichita State 86-81, had to make do without the injured Willie Wise, its top rebounder. Cincinnati got a verbal spanking from Coach Tay Baker, who cited lack of leadership and an overdose of selfishness as his team's main troubles. Baker benched Rick Roberson at the start of the game against Xavier, only to have him score with one second left for a 52-50 win. Roberson started against MVC foe Louisville and scored 16 points, while the Bearcat full-court press forced 25 turnovers in a 71-48 win. It took two overtimes, plus 24 points and 26 rebounds by Mike Grono for Louisville to beat St. Louis 81-80.

In the Big Ten (page 20) Ohio State hit on 30 of 43 foul shots to beat Wisconsin 84-69. Iowa, getting 27 points from service returned Ben McGilmer and 16 rebounds from JC transfer John Johnson, looked strong in beating Indiana 91-72.

Miami of Ohio Coach Tates Locke used a zone for the first time in ages and upset Toledo 77-73 in the Mid-American Conference. That put the Redskins, who Locke predicted would finish last, in front in the MAC with a 3-0 record. A 35-foot jumper by Jim Connally in the final second gave Bowling Green a surprise 75-74 win over Ohio U.

"Brute force. Men against boys." Thus spoke DePaul's Ray Meyer after a bruising

77-73 loss to Marquette. George Thompson of the Warriors had 30 points, but had to fight off 221-pound Severa Brown along the way. Marquette's Al McGuire explained the fighting by saying, "We knew Brown was a hatcher, so I told George to take him under the basket and foul him out." Brown held Thompson to 12 points and got 10 himself before leaving the game with five fouls and four cuts in his mouth.

Notre Dame had difficulty putting two good halves together, but won three times. The Irish used second-half spurts to beat Fordham 84-65 and Butler 76-73. Against DePaul, they nearly blew a 16-point bulge in the second half before holding on 66-60. Dayton gave Detroit its third consecutive setback 64-62 as Center Dan Obrovac, out for a month with an injured arm, returned.

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (11-1)
2. DAVIDSON (10-1)
3. KENTUCKY (9-2)

Kentucky was counting victories gained in Israel and three suddenly discovered wins from way back in the 1900s. Oregon State added 27 glorious victories in Australia. Kansas, following NCAA guidelines, sat tight on its 197 recorded triumphs gained at the expense of U.S. opponents. The point of all this adding-machine activity is to establish claim to being the first school to win 1,000 games. According to statisticians, Kentucky is only tied for second with State, four games behind Kansas, but that news did not stop Coach Adolph Rupp from celebrating with a three-tier cake decked out with 1,000 candles after his Wildcats took the measure of Mississippi State 91-72. A subsequent win against Florida was proclaimed as No. 1,001, and it put Kentucky in front of the SEC race with a 3-0 record.

"We'll run if Tennessee will. Put it in the paper so Mears can read it." Those were the sentiments of Georgia's Ken Rosemond, no friend of Tennessee's Ray Mears. "I'm not interested in what Rosemond says," retorted Mears. Bill Justus of the Vols settled matters with 35 points as Rosemond's Bulldogs lost 82-67. Tennessee also beat Mississippi 59-54. Vanderbilt topped Florida 62-55, Alabama 76-73 and LSU 94-92. Two technical fouls called against LSU Coach Press Maravich helped the Commodores score four points. Tom Hagan had 32 points for the Commodores. Pete Maravich of the Tigers scored 38 in that game and 46 in a 90-71 loss to Auburn. The Auburn win came on opening night in its \$6 million Coliseum. Outsider Jacksonville, which earlier this season had upset Florida and Florida State, doused Georgia Tech 71-62. Miami then beat Jacksonville 94-87.

Lee Dedmon, a 6'10" sophomore, filled in for injured Rusty Clark, shot 27 points as North Carolina beat North Carolina State

83-63. Charlie Scott, who had 34 points, also helped the Tar Heels establish their supremacy in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Wake Forest beat North Carolina State 87-78 as Charlie Davis scored 31 points and 6' 8" Gil McGregor grabbed 20 rebounds. Duke beat Wake Forest 85-81 and Maryland 96-85.

Mike Mulroy's 44 points and 34 rebounds led Davidson to victories over St. Joseph's 83-69 and West Virginia 102-71. Bob Tallen's 87 points helped George Washington defeat Furman 92-74 and Pitt 92-68.

WEST

1. UCLA (11-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (14-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (14-0)

New Mexico State's Lou Henson claimed his team would lose to Arizona State and to show that he was a better coach than prognosticator, the Aggies whopped the Sun Devils 85-69. Later in the week they had even more fun playing under Pan American 109-74 and Santa Fe 117-67.

Colorado State beat Western Athletic Conference rival Texas-El Paso 64-63 and the Miners saw double as identical twins Floyd and Lloyd Kerr took charge. Floyd scored 25 points. Lloyd, after sinking two fouls with 11 seconds to go, preserved the

win by stealing the ball in the last seconds.

New Mexico, even with Greg Howard back after a three-week suspension, lost its WAC opener to Wyoming 70-68. The Cowboys harassed the Lobos into 20 turnovers with a full-court press, but barely survived a five-minute scoring drought at the end of the game. Arizona's Jan Hansen went to great lengths—the entire length of the court, in fact—for a layup in the final 10 seconds to stun Arizona State 81-80. In another WAC contest, Against invaders, New Mexico came up a winner by beating Denver 94-81. Utah defeated Utah State 107-89, but Brigham Young lost to the Aggies 81-75. Two Utah sophomores—Mike Newlin and Kenny Gardner—led the Utes' impressive victory. Newlin sinking 15 of 17 shots for 19 points, Gardner adding 21 points and holding Mary Roberts of the Aggies to 19, 10 below his average.

Seattle led Weber State 17-28 at half-time. In the second half, with Willie Sogunner shaking off the effects of the flu and getting 17 points, Weber State rallied for a 76-70 win. Santa Clara took care of St. Mary's 70-49 and Pacific 67-56 in West Coast AC games.

'Low Alcindor is better—much better than a year ago,' said Oregon Coach Steve Belko after losing to UCLA 93-64. 'Last season he was more of a specialist. Now he's a cat out there, does everything.' Alcindor had 27 points in that Pacific 8 opener and 29 in an 83-64 win the next day over Oregon State. In that game the Beavers gave the Bruins fits for quite a while and trailed 41-39 with 18 minutes left. Then UCLA scored 14 points to two for the Beavers, and it was all over. State's Vic Bartolome, who had 23 points against the Bruins, helped shock LSC 61-57 by holding 7 Ron Taylor to six points and three rebounds. USC then came back to defeat Oregon 86-75. Washington upset California 74-73 amid much controversy in Berkeley. It all began when Dave West of the Huskies was fouled, with the score 75-73 in overtime. The timer claimed that time had run out before the foul. He was overruled by the officials. Then the Golden Bears argued that West had not been in the act of shooting and that he should get just one shot. The officials thought not. West missed the first shot, sank the second and the Huskies won. The night before, Cal beat Washington State 68-60.

Baylor was first in the Southwest Conference, right where preseason experts knew it would be—if they turned their predictions upside down. The Bears got there by upsetting SMU 69-67 and TCU 68-64. Tied with the Bears for the lead was Texas A&M, which hung on to beat Texas Tech 85-84 and won from Arkansas 73-68. SMU came back to defeat Texas 68-62, but TCU lost to the Longhorns 63-59.

END



PETE MARAVICH went up, but his socks and his LSU team fell against tough Vanderbilt.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CHEERS

Sirs

I thoroughly enjoyed *Once It Was Only Sir-Bloom-Buh!* by Pat Ryan in your 31 Jan. 6 issue. I am disappointed that you failed to mention the most famous college cheer of all, that of the University of Arkansas Oooooo Pig Souceee, Oooooo Pig Souceee, Oooooo Pig Souceee, RAZORBACKS.

This cheer was very effective in New Orleans last week. Arkansas 16, Georgia 2.
OKLA BEN SMITH
Fort Smith, Ark

Sirs

I was very concerned to learn that the death of Dr. Martin Luther King had upset the campaign plans of Johnny Morgan. How thoughtless of Dr. King to allow himself to be murdered at such a vital turning point in America's history as the cheerleader elections at Ole Miss. I feel that the least we should do, as conscientious citizens, is to start a fund-raising drive to help Mr. Morgan defray the cost of the extra cards, which Dr. King's unfortunate sense of timing forced him to have printed.

ROBERT A. MARSHALL

Murphys, Calif

Sirs

Being an exchange student and now to this country, I was surprised, to say the least, after reading your Jan. 6 article on college cheerleading. I consider myself an intellectual to a great extent and to be one of many who consider this country as being in a somewhat perilous state.

With organizations such as SDS, to name one, I thought that bigotry and racism were slowly dying, for I assumed that this country's youth had discovered that there is no justification for hatred. Boy, was I misled. It was interesting to find out that Mary Jo Mansour was "sweating like a colored person." I think she would faint if she heard a black say that he or she was sweating like a white. After all, whites and blacks do sweat equally as much. I was also interested to know (compliments of Johnny Rebel) that there was a riot at Mississippi because the "niggers" refused to sit at the back tables in The Grill.

"It is pointed out with pride at Ole Miss that few beards are seen." At a place where Confederate flags are waved I found that quite to be amusing. Didn't Jefferson Davis wear a beard?

From your article, all that I can conclude is that when today's college students in America become tomorrow's leaders, America will still be in a perilous state.

PETER MORGAN

Boston

Sirs:

Cheerleading is one thing and student activism is another. The combination, on the field or in print, is incongruous.

We go strong for the Purdue-type cheerleading—Diane Teder, Girl Scouts, milk shakes and a world of cheerful optimism. Let's not give up a good thing!

I guess Pat Ryan just couldn't make the squad.

J. J. WEISHAAR JR.

Njackson, N.Y.

SHIVERED TIMBERS

Sirs

In Hugh Whall's otherwise excellent account of *Ondine's* ordeal in the Sydney-Hobart race (*The Hard Way to Hobart*, Jan. 13) you have created a geographical paradox, to put it politely. In fact, it shivered my timbers. You say, "Bound southward from Germany around Cape Horn to Sydney." (*Ondine*) snapped off her mainmast in the Indian Ocean some 5,000 miles west of Sydney.

I suspect that Whall's cable read *BOUND SOUTHWARD AROUND THE CAPE*, and then some overzealous editorial pencil made it "Cape Horn" instead of the Cape of Good Hope. The two are as far apart linguistically as they are geographically. Allow me to quote you a master manner who was also a master storyteller. In *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906), Joseph Conrad writes:

"It was somewhere near the Cape—the Cape being, of course, the Cape of Good Hope. And whether it is because men are shy of confessing their good hopes, it has become the nameless cape—the Cape, *mar coast*. The other great cape of the world, strangely enough, is seldom if ever called a cape. We say 'a voyage round the Horn'; 'we rounded the Horn,' 'we got a frightful battering off the Horn,' but rarely 'Cape Horn'."

Shyly or no, I confess my good hope that you will restore our Good Hope.

PERRY GREENE

New York City

● Or, as Herman Melville put it in his *White-Jacket*: "Sailor or landsman, there is some sort of Cape Horn for all. Boys! beware of it. Greybeards! thank God it is passed."—ED.

DEATH IN A SCHOOLLAND

Sirs

Congratulations to Dennis Valianos (SCORECARD, Jan. 6). He did an excellent job of presenting life as it is in these United States today. It isn't every day a group of elementary schoolchildren can watch their

teacher, and supposed leader, commit a cold-blooded murder in the schoolyard.

Can 20 years of violence on television or in the theater have any more detrimental effect on these children than what Mr. Valianos provided in a few short minutes in a Virginia schoolyard?

G. HARRY STOPP JA,

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

DOUBLY BUBBLY

Sirs

It is to be sincerely hoped by all of us in the New York State wine industry that your exceptionally fine reporting on the New York Jets' victory celebration on Sunday, Dec. 29th did not bring down more than 25 cases of champagne upon their heads. We adopted the Jets, win or lose, in their title game against the Oakland Raiders. We were given permission to supply the champagne, and happily it was doubly bubbly because they were able to toast each other in triumph.

It grieved us to read in Edwin Shraike's story of the triumph over the Raiders that President Milt Woodard of the American Football League might find it his duty to impose fines on the Jets for violation of an antichampagne ordinance, which apparently is not waived for even such sweet moments as these.

If there is to be any chastisement, someone ought to at least mildly reprimand these young men for pouring the champagne all over each other. It was so cold and could have caused chills and weakened resistance. Champagne, as everyone knows, belongs at happy occasions. Let us not legislate against what must have been the happiest of times.

PAUL M. SCHLEIM

Chairman

Gold Seal Vineyards, Inc.

Hammondsport, N.Y.

SOB

Sirs

I am shocked at the George Allen (L.A. Rams coach) firing affair (*A Marriage That Was Doomed*, Jan. 6). Yes, shocked at the disgraceful sight of seeing Allen weeping his way through a TV interview.

Then comes another classic: U.S. Davis Cup Captain Dell "broke down and wept during presentation ceremonies while Ashe was moved to tears after his defeat" (UPI report). And here on the West Coast we have the dandy of them all, John Ralston, coach of the Stanford University football team, whose nickname is Sob Sister.

With these examples it is no wonder that so-called American sportsmanship is ridiculed throughout the world.

KEN BRADY

San Francisco

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